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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE MATTEOTTI CASE

MUSSOLINI'S prestige both at home and abroad has been shaken seriously by the Matteotti case; indeed, many acute observers imagine that this tragedy marks the beginning of the end of Fascist rule in Italy. As all the world knows, Giacomo Matteotti, a Moderate Socialist, who is said to have been in possession of documents containing embarrassing evidence against prominent Fascist officials, — including, incidentally, alleged proofs of misconduct in connection with oil contracts with interests representing Mr. Sinclair, now under indictment in the United States, — was assaulted in broad daylight on the streets of Rome as he stepped out hatless from his residence to make a purchase in a neighboring shop, carried off in an automobile, and presumably murdered.

Political crimes of this sort have been common in Italy since the war, and a majority of them — at least during the past two years — are charged to the Fascisti. Why, then, has this last tragedy aroused the nation? For public opinion in Italy is unmistakably aroused, and the people have revolted in earnest against a régime of violence.

Scattered sentences from the leading Liberal daily of Milan, and perhaps of Italy, help us to an answer. That journal says that the growing agitation of the people is due to two causes, one sentimental, the other political: intense interest in the search for the body, and a vigorous demand that such unsparing light be thrown upon those responsible for the crime as to leave no suspicion of official favor or remissness. This last demand, which is the more fundamental, powerful, and general of the two, is not partisan in character. But there are reasons for grave political concern. 'The police force, a delicate instrument that cannot operate efficiently unless assured of itself and free from preoccupations foreign to its fundamental purpose, has not proved to be in the right condition to deal effectively with the emergency. . . . No one can ignore the fact that the public mind is alert to every suspicion, and spontaneously, almost instinctively, jumps from the hypothesis of remissness to a hypothesis still more damnable.'

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Not that Mussolini himself is involved, but men close to him, including the chief of his Press Division, a high police authority, and a subordinate member of the Cabinet, are under direct suspicion. The details of the crime are sufficiently well known. The vigorous measures taken by the Government, after a brief period of initial procrastination, have resulted in the arrest of some of the actual criminals and of prominent principals or accomplices higher up. Not only Socialists and other political opponents of the Government, but university students, a great Fascist gathering at Bologna, have demonstrated and otherwise protested against the crime, and have called loudly for the unsparing punishment of the guilty. The Opposition in Parliament has been emboldened to venture more aggressive criticism and resistance to the Government than heretofore. Mussolini's Cabinet has been reconstructed with a view to incorporating influential representatives of opinion from outside the close conventicle of the Fascist faith.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* relates an incident that brings the effect of this crime on public sentiment very vividly before our eyes: —

I witnessed this morning a moving scene. Signora Matteotti went to the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo in order to assist at a Mass for her husband. While she was passing, the people who were on the steps of the church knelt, and as soon as she entered the church the whole congregation prayed loudly, and bitterly protested against the murder.

On the spot where it is believed the crime was committed many citizens continue to scatter flowers.

Another significant consequence of the episode is mentioned by the Milan correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung:* —

Everyone is now reading the papers of the Party to which Matteotti belonged, in order to find out what the Socialists say, for they naturally have the first right to demand justice. The result is that these papers have become the mouthpiece, not only of Socialists and opponents of the Fascisti, but also of all the Fascisti who will have nothing to do with 'the Palazzo Viminale gang' — a term invented for the assassin clique by *Sereno*, a paper close to Mussolini himself.

* * *

FRANCO–GERMAN RELATIONS

SHORTLY before Premier Herriot took the first step toward relaxing the tension in the occupied territories by granting their exiled residents permission to return, the London *Spectator* appealed for precisely the policy of which this is apparently the initial step: —

The Experts made it perfectly clear that Germany could not possibly carry out the terms of their Report unless her economic unity was restored to her. She cannot even begin to make payments, since they depend in the first year entirely on a foreign loan, until she has the assurance that her unity will be restored to her on a definite date. But will M. Herriot or whoever is in charge of French policy be able to accept such terms as these? It is hard for us in England to realize what an utter reversal of French policy this would mean, in fact though not in theory.

What would M. Tirard, the French chief of the Rhineland High Commission, or General de Metz, his subordinate in the Palatinate, do if they received orders from the Quai D'Orsay to carry out such a policy of reconciliation? For four years now these men, or others before them, have inflexibly carried out a policy which aimed at the complete absorption of the Rhineland by France. This has never been the policy of the French people, and probably not of the French Government, but it has been the policy of the men on the spot, and it is essentially this which has kept Europe in ferment since the war. The vital question is

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whether M. Herriot can really make an end of all this and start on a new basis of conciliation and cooperation. Certain it is that Germany, with her incorrigible political and diplomatic stupidity, her blockheaded Nationalists, her hordes of embittered refugees from the Ruhr, will not make it easy for him. But with the solid support of every class and party in this country, and the active collaboration of Mr. MacDonald, he may succeed.

Le Temps, whose political editor, Jean Herbette, criticized Poincaré's inflexible attitude on the Rhine for some months before the last election, publishes an article by its Berlin correspondent dwelling with considerable appreciation upon the strong undercurrent of conciliatory pacifist feeling in Germany. This writer says: —

In spite of the justifiable distrust and skepticism we feel as a result of our experiences since the occupation of the Ruhr, it is impossible not to render honor to the good faith and the courage with which the men in charge of the Centre Parties pursue their policy of moral disarmament, in spite of all the abuse and the physical dangers — Erzberger's assassination — to which they have exposed themselves, and the cruel disappointments they have encountered in their efforts to conciliate the two great neighboring nations.

The Nationalists, thanks to their material resources, their unscrupulous but shrewd and bold leaders, and the mediæval mentality of a part of the population, do constitute, it is true, a formidable threat to peace, to republican institutions, and to the welfare of the German people. But every day since the elections of May 11 the forces opposed to them have been gaining confidence. And if nothing happens from outside to check their recovery, if the foreign situation remains favorable or improves, these revenge-preaching Nationalists, in spite of their clamor, their military fanfares, their venal press, will soon experience an eclipse visible even to the most pessimistic.

The German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, delivered an address in Karlsruhe last month defending the Cabinet for accepting the Dawes project. In speaking of the occupied territories, however, he asserted that it was of great importance for Germany not only to have the total sum of her obligations to the Allies fixed, but also to conclude an arrangement by which the Allies would pay the cost of occupation. The latter measure would constitute an automatic check upon any unnecessary increase of garrisons in that region. At the same time, it would fortify Germany's solvency and enable her to make more liberal Reparations payments.

Dr. Luther, the Minister of Finance, in an address delivered the same day at Pyrmont in Lower Saxony, warned his hearers against a relapse into the visionary state of mind so largely responsible for Germany's recent evils. There is no panacea for the present distress. 'Our only hope lies in patient labor and very gradual betterment.' Germany must establish her credit abroad before she can take any positive step forward toward recovery. To do that she must avoid future inflation. One of the big tasks facing the Cabinet is to adjust taxation to the actual needs of the Government, in order to avoid another era of currency depreciation.

*

FRANCE AND JAPAN

THE London *Daily Telegraph* recently reported: 'It is believed that a Franco-Japanese understanding is now in existence, covering Pacific and Chinese questions.' This conjecture has existed for some time in diplomatic circles. It has been noted that the Japanese delegate on the League of Nations Council, who formerly voted with Great Britain in Central European issues, has voted with France at the last two sessions. France supported what is assumed to be the policy of

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Japan — and of the United States — in opposing the recent agreement between China and Russia. Japan and France are suspected of standing together on the disarmament question. It chances, though this by no means proves the existence of a secret compact, that the two Powers have followed parallel policies in respect to a number of minor matters in China — such as blocking the proposed readjustment of China's customs duties and the abolition of likin, authorized at the Washington Conference. All the Powers represented at the Washington Conference formally engaged to file with the other Powers 'a list of all treaties, conventions, exchanges of notes, or other international agreements' that they might have with China or with any other Power or Powers in relation to China, which were still in force.

Such gossip, which does not necessarily have a very substantial basis of fact, was naturally revived when M. Merlin, Governor-General of French Indo-China, visited Japan and Korea last May. Nominally the ostensible object of his visit was to convey congratulations to the Prince Regent upon his marriage, and to conduct preliminary negotiations for a revision of the treaty of commerce and navigation between Japan and Indo-China. Japan imports rice from the French possession, and is interested in widening her market in that region. Rumors of these negotiations caused some alarm in France, where manufacturers of textiles and machinery protested that any relaxation of the present barriers against their Oriental competitors would deprive them of profitable markets.

The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* devoted a long leader to this topic, in which it dwells upon the impressiveness of the reception given Governor Merlin, the discreet reserve with which the Japanese press discussed the visit, and the possibility of an understanding between the two countries without a formal treaty violating the Washington Conference already mentioned. Among other things the editor drops the following suggestive remark: 'Just as Japan has supported Rumania's claim to Bessarabia, with a great strengthening of Rumania's hands in consequence, so, too, vigorous French support in China might well strengthen Japan's hands and deter any other Power from protesting. . . .'

The most engaging feature of Mr. Merlin's visit is the publicity with which its importance is admitted and even advertised. As the old diplomacy develops its new camouflage, we are likely to have important diplomatic arrangements concluded without any trumpets. In any case, it is by their fruits that we shall know what tricks patriotic statesmen with a taste for intrigue indulge in by way of promoting the interests of their countries. By the degree of Franco-Japanese coöperation in respect of the Chinese Eastern Railway and other matters we shall be able to estimate the diplomatic importance of Mr. Merlin's visit.

All this may have some connection with the attempt of a Chinese assassin to kill Governor Merlin at a reception in Canton, which resulted in the death of seven of the guests.

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ANCIENT EVILS DIE SLOWLY

THOSE who imagine that patrolling the sea against slave-traders is an extinct function of modern navies will be interested to learn that the British Government has just dispatched a division of fast destroyers to coöperate with vessels of the French and Italian navies in curbing the slave-trading dhows that ply between Africa and Arabia. A correspondent of the Lon-

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don *Morning Post* gives us this brief word-picture of this eternal vigilance:—

The sun has gone down; yet neither puff of wind nor breath of air less torrid gladdens the heart of the Red Sea wanderer. Rather, it seems, earth and sea conspire to yield up their vital heat to make the night unendurable. We compose ourselves to 'sleep,' resigned to the refined torture of a Red Sea night.

Away on our port quarter we can yet discern the silhouette of an Arab dhow. She is something less than a hundred feet long, of the picturesque type distinctive from Suez to Aden for its stilted bulwarks, super-constructed with matting, its raking masts, and its lateen sails. She has, too, a turn of speed, for is she not the corsair of the Barbary pirates? Do not her masts rake forward as theirs did; do not her *baharis* to-day reef and furl her sails from the peak as they did of old; and is she not in truth a fine sea-boat, unkempt, perhaps, but fast, almost incredibly fast on a wind?

She is something of a mystery-ship withal, hove-to at sunset thirty miles out of Jedda. Is she waiting for the night breeze to carry her down coast on her lawful pursuits? Is she hoping to slip inside the reefs and disembark a cargo of slaves in her good time?

From Suez to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb the Red Sea is well over a thousand miles long, while its breadth is never more than two hundred and fifty miles. In parts the navigable channel is whittled down to twenty miles. On either side immense reefs shield the coasts, often with good navigable water inside — a blessing to small craft on evil purpose bent. With a fair wind, slaves can be embarked at sunset on the African side and in the morning be making the Arabian coast.

The Regent of Abyssinia, perhaps influenced in part by the desire to appear well with his hosts on his recent visit to Western Europe, issued, before he left home, an edict forbidding the sale or purchase of slaves in his country. He did not, however, emancipate existing slaves because, as the proclamation alleges, if liberated at once they might 'become thieves and bandits, and disturb the public order.' But judges are appointed to see that slaves are properly fed and clothed, with authority to emancipate them if they are inhumanely treated. Children of slaves will have the right to liberty after they are fifteen years old.

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IMMIGRATION VERSUS MISSIONS

Among the multiple aspects of the outburst of feeling against the United States in Japan is the revolt of the native Christian clergy against ecclesiastical supervision or assistance from this country. A movement has started in Tokyo to declare the Japanese churches independent of their mother churches in America. Reverend Masahisa Uemura, President of the Tokyo Theological Seminary, declared at a recent meeting to consider this subject:—

Christianity was originally an Oriental religion, and the Japanese can understand it better than the Americans. It is a disgrace for Japanese engaged in Christian missionary work in their own country to receive material aid from the United States.

At present there are more than 800 missionaries in Japan under the auspices of America, and our country is spending millions of dollars for their maintenance. According to this propagandist, the withdrawal of our assistance will unify Christianity in Japan and enable the 300,000 Japanese Christians to develop and organize their faith in their own way, with a better prospect of converting the remainder of their fellow countrymen than exists at present.

Yorodzu calls for a moral revolt against America inspired by somewhat different ideals. Its editor says:—

Schiller sounded the tocsin that roused young Germans from idle slumber when their country was overrun by triumphant

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enemies. . . . Like the dreaming and indolent young Germans of that time, our young men of to-day are decadent and pleased only with sentimental literature. . . . We doubt if they have any adequate idea of patriotism and the spirit of self-sacrifice. Now an insult such as our forefathers never knew has been inflicted upon us by the United States. A Chinese sage wisely said that when a nation was careless of its dignity and imprudent in its conduct Providence would rebuke it. Let this insult by America be a lesson to us. We must liberate ourselves from the iron fetters of decadence.

The Germany of Fichte and the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi are cited as examples for the Japan of to-day to emulate.

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MINOR NOTES

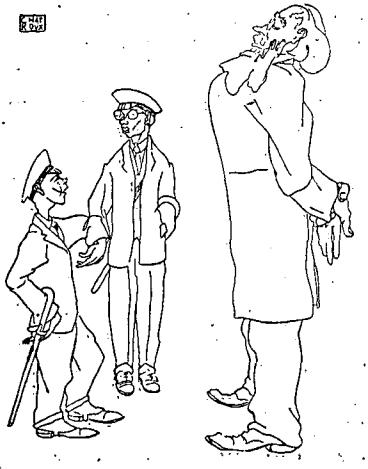
On the date of the wedding of the Prince Regent of Japan, the *Japan Advertiser* published a special issue showing the remarkable recovery of the country since the earthquake. That disaster encouraged the introduction of mechanical improvements. For instance, the number of motor cars and trucks in Tokyo has more than doubled during the past nine months. Before the earthquake there were seldom more than twenty taxis waiting at Tokyo station. To-day the line of cars seeking fares numbers more than one hundred, and the rickshas are being rapidly displaced. The Ginza has resumed its old aspect, and is again one of the liveliest shopping thoroughfares in the Orient.

The German press is making much of the inauguration last May at Shanghai of a German-Chinese university. The institution embraces provisionally an engineering and a medical school, and has accommodations for 400 students. It will receive matriculants from the graduates of all the German secondary schools in China, and its standards and courses will entitle its graduates to the same rank as graduates of universities in Germany. German language and literature are obligatory major subjects. The mechanical equipment of the engineering school is said to be unexcelled, but the medical department is not yet satisfactorily equipped.

RADIO IN RUSSIA

Comrades, France is in revolution. Listen, they sing the Marseillaise. — *Roelj*

GERMANY'S STUDENT MONARCHISTS



Don't worry, old chap, we're half your age but twice as conservative. — *Arbeiter Zeitung*

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WILL FRENCH WOMEN EVER VOTE?

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

From the *National Review, May*
(London Tory Monthly)

There is perhaps no other country in the world where women have played so important a part in politics or where they have exercised a greater influence on history than in France.

The French Revolution, in its very beginning, was but a duel between two women — Queen Marie-Antoinette and Madame Roland. Had neither been born, one might well ask whether the Revolution might not have been carried out differently.

The Second Empire was much more personified in Empress Eugénie than in Emperor Napoleon III. Had the Empress not existed, one might indeed ask whether there would have been a war in 1870.

Under the Third Republic, the political salons played a large rôle. After the Franco-Prussian War, Madame Adam's salon, of which Gambetta was the central figure, symbolized France's indomitable will to revive and witnessed the birth of the alliance with Russia. The salon of Madame de Bonnemains later saw the rise and the fall of that strange star in France's political firmament — General Boulanger. The salon of Madame de Loynes, where the Royalist and Nationalist leaders met daily at the time of the Dreyfus case, was the great centre of resistance against the revision of the trial and the rehabilitation of the condemned captain. And the salon of Madame Waldeck-Rousseau was the strong Republican citadel wherefrom was launched the entire plan of separation of Church and State, and the dissolution of the various Catholic congregations.

Yet, in this country, where so many formidable political events have taken place under the influence of women, they have no political status. They can't even vote in municipal elections. They can't even sit in a town council, nor can they serve on a jury. Up until only a few years ago they could not even act as witnesses at a marriage. What indeed is the why and wherefore of this strange state of affairs?

There is but one answer. It is so because the women of France want it to be so. And it will continue to be so as long as the women of France desire it.

Five times in the course of my journalistic career I had the opportunity of questioning women who, by their station in life, as well as by their personality and genius, were the real representatives of the women of France. Five times I received the same reply when I mentioned woman suffrage, and in each I found nothing but disdain, scorn, or dislike for votes and voting.

The first time I questioned a woman of note on this subject was some months before the war, when I had the honor of an interview with the late Empress Eugénie. I had undertaken to elucidate an historical problem regarding the Second Empire, and the deposed sovereign, who was the living incarnation of this period, very graciously accorded me an audience at her Cap Martin villa, near Nice. I don't know how it occurred; but in the course of our con-

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versation we happened to speak of women's rôle in politics; and I permitted myself to ask: —

'Does your Majesty consider it the duty of all women to participate in politics?'

'No!' she exclaimed, and the reply was sharp and cutting. 'Politics are cruel, bringing nothing to women but tears and pain. . . .'

And, in the eyes of the Empress, from whom politics had taken her throne, her husband, and her son, — in those eyes that had cried every day for forty years, — I saw the passage of a flame of anger.

The second time that I posed my question was after the war, at the Château of Rambouillet, where I had the privilege of lunching beside Madame Raymond Poincaré, who was then the wife of the President of the French Republic. It was six months before the expiration of the President's term of office, and, in the course of the luncheon, the conversation naturally fell on the coming election of a new Chief of State.

I turned to the First Lady of the Land, and asked: 'What would you say, madame, if M. Raymond Poincaré were reëlected President of the Republic for another seven years?'

'I would immediately demand a divorce,' was the quick reply. 'I simply hate politics.'

'But,' I insisted, 'I thought that the occupants of this mansion stood for feminism and woman suffrage.'

'No!' Madame Poincaré retorted. 'There is but one feminist in this house. It is the President, not I.'

Several months later I had the occasion to discuss the matter with another woman, who was then the First Lady of the Land — Madame Millerand. The wife of the President of the Republic had a sort of genius for organization. She employed more secretaries and typewriters at the Élysée than the President himself. She created a social-service bureau in aid of families that were victims of illness or unemployment, facilitating the admission of the ill to hospitals, where they may be properly cared for, and procuring work for the unemployed. She created a *bureau de couture*, where clothes for children were made, she herself giving the patterns and materials necessary for the designing, cutting, sewing, and embroidery of the garments by the workers thus employed. She created a *bureau des marraines*, where every French family having more than six children had the right to apply and to ask the Chief of State to be godfather, or Madame Millerand godmother of the seventh child. This automatically led to a present at the christening, a present every New Year, and a continued correspondence with the parents. And she created many other things. In fact, one may well ask what she has not created.

I took the liberty one day of remarking, 'You are, madame, at the head of a real Ministerial department. Why should n't you be Secretary of State?'

'I hate to have people talk about my department,' Madame Millerand exclaimed. 'I should hate to be Secretary of State, because I should then be obliged to mix in politics; and there is nothing I dislike more than politics. Politics divide — and I like only those things that bring people together.'

'But,' I insisted, 'in the United States women play an important rôle in the political as well as in the social life of the nation. They have their clubs and their organizations. They vote and hold office, sitting on high Governmental committees. What prevents our women from playing a similar rôle?'

Madame Millerand summed up her

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reply in one word — 'Tradition.' 'I greatly admire American women for what they have accomplished,' she continued. 'They are giving the world a magnificent example of energy and initiative. But they can do what they are doing because they are living in a new land. They could not have done all that they have done if they had lived in a country that has behind it twenty centuries of tradition, customs, and habits.'

It was thus that I had my third reply from the lips of a third great lady of France. But two more replies are yet to be made to my query by two other women whom the entire world had treated as sovereigns — Sarah Bernhardt, queen of the stage, and Madame Curie, queen of science.

I was dining one day, during the war, at the home of Sarah Bernhardt, who then happened to be in New York. An American guest recounted the incident that had occurred in the House of Representatives, at Washington, when Miss Jeannette Rankin, the first American woman to sit in Congress, had wept just as the vote was taking place for the war against Germany.

'I don't blame her!' exclaimed the divine Sarah. 'I should have done the same. People see me shed tears every night on the stage; but nobody has ever seen me shed tears in my private life. Nevertheless I wept twice during the war. I wept with anguish when I heard that Germany had declared war on France — and I wept with joy when I heard that America had declared war on Germany. . . . Our place is anywhere but in political assemblies. We are made to rule over the entire world — but not to govern our own nation.'

As for Madame Curie, she persistently refused to express any public opinion on the subject. Quite recently, however, she gave a most direct, although silent, answer in my presence. It was some weeks ago, at the Ministry of Education, in Paris. The Minister had brought together the most brilliant assembly of scientists that had ever been seen together under one roof. Practically all the members of the Académie des Sciences and the Académie de Médecine, the deans of all the important colleges, the directors of the principal institutes, and the most celebrated professors were present. Among them all, sitting in an armchair like a queen on her throne, was a woman — the only woman there.

The session began. It had been called to decide the use that was to be made of the thirteen million francs that had been subscribed for the laboratories of France. Were these millions to be used for new buildings, for the development of education, or merely for the improvement of that which already existed? Two Undersecretaries of State gave their opinion, and a senator and the President of the Board of Education expressed other opinions. Suddenly Madame Curie asked for the floor. Deep silence fell on the gathering as they listened to her with close attention. The voice of the only woman present rang out clearly, grave and modulated. She said exactly that which should have been said. Above all, she declared, it was necessary to perfect that which we already had: nothing new could be built safe which is not constructed on the old foundations. Her expression of opinion was so clear and so illuminated the subject that all saw the justice of her decisions and came to her support.

Dr. Paul Appell, rector of the University of Paris, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'Here we have the finest example of French feminism: a woman can't vote, but she can obtain the votes of all.'

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And I then understood why Madame Curie did not care to express an opinion regarding the political rights of women. She knew that their power was greater than that of any minister or senator. She knew that a woman can always lead men where she will if she is intellectually superior.

In any case, millions of women in France think and speak much as the five women I had interviewed. The vote for them means mixing in politics. And politics for them is a sign of weakness, not of force. They are afraid that politics will lower instead of ennoble them. It is thus that one may explain the extraordinary passivity of French women in face of the many tempting offers that are dangled before their eyes. It is thus that one may explain their disdain and indifference for all the laws voted in favor of their *affranchissement* by the men of France.

On May 8, 1919, in the midst of the Peace Conference, when the Treaty of Versailles was not yet signed, the Chamber of Deputies considered as the order of the day the project of a law according all the women of France the right to vote at the municipal and provincial elections. It was the first time that a parliamentary body in France had ever discussed anything of the kind. The debate was short — lasting less than two hours. Five speakers, belonging to all the parties, from the extreme Left of the Socialists to the extreme Right of the Conservatives, mounted the tribune, each rendering striking homage to the women of France.

The most moving speech was made in the opening address by a young deputy, Pierre-Étienne Flandin, who had introduced the bill. He recalled that one after the other Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the United States, Australia, England, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Belgium had each accorded women the right to vote. Was the French Republic to be the last and only country in this regard? He cited Taine's unjust words, 'Shopkeeper, society lady, or servant, that is the work of the woman of France. It is only there that she excels.' And in the midst of almost unanimous applause he cried out: 'Taine did not foresee the World War, where five million women had grasped the plough and the spade, took in the harvest, and picked the grapes. He did not foresee that women would one day work in munitions factories to make the arms with which their husbands and their brothers defended the country against an invading enemy.'

The other speakers addressed the assembly in a like vein. There was but one exception, a moderate Republican, M. Lefebvre du Prey, father of eleven children, actually Minister for Justice, who also rendered eloquent homage to the women of France, but sounded a strange warning: 'Take care! You are going to introduce political dissension in our homes. . . . The authority of the husband is just as necessary in a household as is the authority of a chief in any kind of organization. If, therefore, you give women equal authority, you will have created rival powers. But what about the children? What about the French family? Take care! During the crisis that France is now traversing it is more than ever necessary that all should be in their right place. It is necessary that all our efforts should have but one goal — the defense of the French home.'

Nearly all of these grave sentences were lashed with passionate interruptions; and when the House divided 330 deputies voted for limited suffrage, while only 218 opposed the idea of giving women any political rights.

Twelve days later, on May 20, 1919, the victors pressed their advantage,

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and René Viviani mounted the tribune to ask the Chamber to go a step further — granting the women of France not limited suffrage, but exactly the same political rights enjoyed by men. His passionate voice eliminated all obstacles and succeeded in obtaining a majority of 344 in favor of suffrage, as against 97 opposing, giving the women of France complete victory. It was decided that they should have exactly the same right to vote as male citizens.

Strange to say, this memorable vote, unregistered in the annals of history, passed almost unnoticed. It was recorded in a few lines — without a headline to make it stand out — on the second or third pages of the Paris newspapers. No comment was made. No leading article was written. No crowd gathered in the street to cheer the wonderful news. Fifty per cent of the women of France entirely ignored the revolution of which they were the heroines; and another forty per cent cared less about this important event than about the price of butter, which at that moment had been raised twopence a pound. No flood of congratulatory telegrams inundated the secretariat of the Chamber. But one telegram was received by President Deschanel. It read as follows: 'The feminine masses are at last marching forward. Long live the social Republic!' It was signed by twelve names that were entirely unknown.

This explains without the question of a doubt why, when in November 1922 the law went before the Senate, the atmosphere was entirely different. There was no sign of the enthusiasm that had been shown in the Chamber. There were no passionate speeches such as those made in 1919. There was naught but men as cold as judges and as impassive as statues, who, as soon as the debate had been opened, asked: 'Where are the women who want to vote? When have they demanded the right to vote? How many of them have demanded this right?'

Not a single Senator put forward the thesis that they were not entitled to the right to vote. There was not a single Senator present who felt that they were not entitled to the very highest honor and reward for their self-sacrifice and devotion when the country was in danger; but was it really a recompense to expose the women of France to the dangers and to the relentless strife of politics? Was it not indeed taking them from the pedestal upon which they had been placed by the respect of all?

This thesis was pleaded ardently and with extraordinary eloquence by the youngest member of the French Senate, M. Labrousse, who was enthusiastically cheered by the high assembly.

'I ask,' Senator Labrousse exclaimed, 'if it will not be a far greater service to women, confirming the respect due to mothers, to refuse them the meanness, the disillusions, and the pain of party strife. Duty, Justice, and the Homeland — all that we place above the plane of politics — are personified by women, because we place women above all strife.'

Someone observed that all the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian countries had granted suffrage to women. It was only the Latin countries that still lagged behind. Why should they not follow?

To this Senator Labrousse retorted: 'The reason for the lesser impulsion that is given to suffrage in the Latin countries may be explained by the fact that the absolutism of a husband's marital rights has long since disappeared in France, the land of courteous love; in Italy, the land of gallant love; and in Spain, the land of chivalry; whereas this absolutism persists in the countries of the North. The Latin woman, who is more highly honored

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and who enjoys greater privileges, has n't the same reasons for the claim of suffrage as the woman of the North. Feminism in the North is but the product of men's excess.'

Again the Senate cheered the brilliant argument of the speaker; and, having cheered, it voted. This time the scales were turned, and by a narrow majority of twenty the high assembly refused to pass the bill. The women of France were thus refused the right to vote.

This negative vote of the Senate met with no more demonstration on the part of women than the vote given in their favor by the Chamber. The women of France did not assemble any more to protest than they had previously assembled to exult in their victory. The women of France remained just as strangely indifferent when their right to vote had been refused as when it had been granted. . . .

Premier Briand once remarked in the Chamber: 'The woman, who lives in the household beside man, should also live his political life with him.' This is an axiom of which the women of France themselves must be convinced. The woman of France at present feels that she exerts a greater influence by remaining within the soft shadow of her home rather than by descending into the brilliant glare of politics.

As long as she keeps this belief, it will be of no avail that the hands of men approach the cup of happiness to her lips, for she will stubbornly continue to regard it as filled with bitter dregs.

EVOLUTION

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Spectator*]

As in the monkey's musing eye
There broods a sort of muddy guess
Upon the brink of consciousness,
Our human vision may descry;

So will the rare, transfigured face
Of man, or woman, when it gleams
With selfless thought, or saintly dreams,
Shadow a first, proleptic trace

And harbinger of those to be:
Who, in a nobler pattern wrought
Through æons of creative thought,
Smile back on us with sympathy.

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PRE-COLUMBIAN CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR CARL MARIA KAUFMANN

[*The author, concerning whose* Amerika und Urchristentum *we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned, is a well-known archæologist and art historian. Leo Frobenius, one of the leading ethnologists of Germany, prophesies that this forthcoming volume will create a sensation in the learned world, although he accepts some of its conclusions with reserve.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt, June* 12
(LIBERAL WEEKLY)

WE may assume that the mystery of the unknown continent in the West excited the interest of the bold seafarers of antiquity as powerfully as it did that of the successful Spaniards a thousand or more years later. Deep-sea voyages, though not indeed the rule, were by no means a novelty in the classic age. We have evidence of this, not only in the expeditions that the ancients made by sea to India and China, but also in their frequent voyages to the most northern latitudes of Europe.

No one questions the mediæval references to the arrival of 'Indians' on the German coast. The foreign appearance and customs of these seafarers, and the impossibility of learning anything more definite of their origin, led to the later assumption that they were Indians. We are equally justified in surmising that the earlier unknown foreigners, storm-driven to the German coast, — described in the first century by the Gaelic proconsul, Pomponius Mela, who received them as a gift from a German chieftain, — were also Indians.

A map showing traffic routes between China, India, and Rome about 100 A.D., published in the Proceedings of the Institute for Research in Comparative Religion of the University of Leipzig for 1922, contains impressive evidence of the high development of intercommunication throughout the world at that period. The average reader notes with surprise the density of the road net between Europe and Asia — especially the great number of competing trade-routes lying between the tenth and fourteenth parallels of latitude and the numerous connections between Egypt and Asia Minor, and Sogdiana, Bactria, Gandhara, and down the Malabar coast. Besides this network of caravan and sea routes, the map also shows what an important part the valleys of such rivers as the Indus played at that time in world commerce.

One especially important and engrossing aspect of this study of ancient highways is our ability to trace evidences of the diffusion of primitive Christian culture along their course. Such traces radiate over all the then-known world. They teach us to appreciate the marvelous spread of this doctrine and show us how communication bridged even the broadest oceans long before the days of Columbus, even as far as the semicivilized states of America.

Primitive Christianity in America! It sounds like a fairy tale, a figment of the imagination, a flat denial of all that history has hitherto taught us. None

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the less, the fragmentary remnants of a primitive Christian epoch in America survive to our own day. They have withstood the storms and destruction of a decade and a half of centuries, and are still recognizable despite the blind and brutal efforts of later propagandists of the faith to destroy every record of the culture that preceded their arrival. To-day or to-morrow may reveal still further evidence, concealed under the dust and humus of ancient ruins hidden in dense tropical forests, to add to our present knowledge.

When Spain subdued the more highly developed races of Central and South America, many records of their earlier civilization had already disappeared. The Christian symbols of the Spaniards impressed the native as something foreign, as alien adoptions to which he must accommodate himself as best he could. Yet many survivals of much older Christian observances had remained a continuous tradition in Peruvian and Mayan ceremonial. Orant remained orant, even under the later Incas, and the cross retained a place in the religious cults of Yucatan and Mexico long after its original significance as a symbol of a Supreme Being, brought to America from an older world, had been forgotten. Nothing could be blinder than to reject these hints, merely because the absence of literary remains among the people in whose midst they persisted leaves many facts regarding them in the realm of conjecture.

Besides the cross in its different forms, pictures of the dove and of the fish, in association with the cross, were very common as orant symbols in the art language bequeathed America by primitive Christianity. Native pottery, terra cotta, and textiles repeat these motives in profusion. Orants are depicted on Peruvian pottery, for instance on jars from Trujillo, which to even the superficial observer bear a striking resemblance to Egyptian New Year's jars. Indeed, they copy these so truthfully that they would at once arouse the interest of an excavator fortunate enough to discover them in any of the ancient centres of Christian pilgrimage where similar articles are commonly found.

I have discovered thousands of these pottery jars at Menapolis with the picture of the Menas orant. From this centre they were carried far beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire to the remotest parts of the then-known world, to the far north, to the far east, and to the very heart of the Negro kingdoms of Africa upon the Blue Nile, and in Dongola. Nor need we confine ourselves to this single comparison. A remarkable similarity is discernible between certain Menas votive statuettes, especially Libyan female ex-votos, and corresponding figures of ancient American origin.

I believe traces of Christianity penetrated to Central and South America between 500 and 1000 A.D., and probably nearer the earlier than the later date. I should place the first preaching of this doctrine in Peru in the fifth or, at the latest, in the sixth century of the Christian era, and plan to present evidence of this in a work which will reproduce all the pertinent monuments of the Peruvian and Mayan civilizations of that period, with intermediate material, particularly from Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia.

In this connection, we must lay stress upon an error into which both earlier and later scholars have fallen, when they accuse the missionary priests of the Spanish Conquest of crude falsification; I mean, not of forging antiquities and monuments, but of consciously and systematically falsifying Indian tradition. They assert

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that the Jesuits in particular presumed to refine and modify the original polytheism of the natives in both South and North America, in an effort first to represent the native beliefs as originally monotheistic, so as to secure readier acceptance of the Christian conception of the Deity, and second to smooth the way for the conversion of the Indians by a skillful system of suggestive questioning.

The bewilderment of the missionaries when they discovered among the heathen natives, not only old forgotten Christian symbols, but even the legend that their chief deity, Perus Huiracocha, had come from a land across the ocean and that he was a tall, emaciated man with a long beard, naturally suggested that catechetical device. Even Rudolf Tschudi, who refuses to attach weight to this Indian tradition, finds it very remarkable that the natives handed down the memory of a migration of strangers into Central Peru, who taught a new doctrine — strangers who, after the conquest by the Spaniards, survived in Indian folklore as apostles and saints.

Evidences of this tradition were recorded about the year 1585, at the direction of the Corregidor Don Luis de Monzon, in the *Relaciones geográficas de Indias*.

As evidence of the credibility of a Christian influence antedating Columbus, I cite here only the following passage: —

'In the vicinity of Vera Cruz de Cauana is what appears to be an exceedingly ancient ruined village, where there are walls of dressed — though very roughly dressed — stone. The doorposts of the houses, some of which are more than two yards high, and the thresholds, are hewn from very large stones and there are traces of streets. The old Indians say their ancestors have told them that in ancient times, before they were ruled by the Incas, people of a different race, though only a few of them, came into the country. They were called *Wirakotsa*, and the natives followed them to hear their words. And now the Indians say they were saints. These people built highways which are still visible, as broad as a city street, with small retaining walls on both sides, and they erected rest houses along them a day's journey apart, the memory of which is still preserved. These are the people who built the village I mention. Some Indians recall having seen in this old village several tombs built of square-cornered stone flags, and plastered inside with white clay, which originally contained bones. To-day, however, no more bones or skulls are found.'

Reports like this of a pre-Columbian arrival of foreigners whose leaders, according to the legend, could have only been missionaries, certainly invite further study. They alone prove how mistaken is the obstinate refusal of students hitherto to consider the possibility that channels of influence ever existed between the ancient world and America. They invite us to a reconsideration of the entire question.

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ALCOHOL THROUGH THE AGES

WILLIAM LITTLE

From the *English Review, June*
(London Conservative Monthly)

No plant is so frequently referred to in the literature of the world as the vine. In the Holy Scriptures vines, vineyards, and wine-presses are mentioned in about 250 passages, while wine is named 77 times, and there are 13 distinct Hebrew terms indicating wines of various sorts and ages, all rendered in our version of the Scriptures by the one word — wine.

From discoveries in the tombs and buried cities of Egypt we know that wine was used in that country from the remotest ages, and two jars, with inscriptions not yet interpreted, have been found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. The processes of viticulture and vinification are depicted by carvings in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, carvings executed probably a century before the time of Joseph. Then, as now, it was known that the best wine could only be grown on high gravelly soil, and the Egyptian vineyards were situated, not in the fertile basin of the Nile, but on the surrounding hills. Inscriptions of the time of the Pharaohs indicate seven different kinds of wine, and that a kind of ale was brewed from grain which is probably the progenitor of the pombe now used throughout Central Africa.

The earliest vessels for strong wine were skins of animals made into bags, the seams cemented with pitch or resin. Such were the wine-skins successfully employed by the wily Gibeonites in their negotiations with Joshua. These were succeeded by earthenware jars known as amphoræ, the size and shape of which are obviously modeled on the primitive wine-skin. The amphora was glazed inside and not outside, the glazing being a resinous composition evidently copied from that used for wine-skins. Its capacity was about three gallons, and its aperture was at the thick end or top, unlike the wine-skin, which was filled and emptied at the thin end or bottom. This simple but thoroughly practical vessel for containing wine remained in use without change for many centuries in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. It was stored by thrusting the small end into the cellar floor of dry sand. When the first tier was complete it was covered up deeply with more dry sand, another tier of amphoræ was placed above it, also smothered in sand, and there it was left for years to mature at an even temperature. Such a cellar was found when the palace of Pharaoh Hofra at Tahpanhes in Lower Egypt was excavated about forty years ago.

All the sacred writers deprecate the abuse of wine — not one of them forbids its use in moderation. Daniel was a strict abstainer in his youth, although in later life he seems to have felt the need of something stronger than water. The first chapter of Daniel is the earliest temperance-tract, inspired, no doubt, by the evils arising from the abuse of strong drink which Daniel witnessed around him in Babylon. This was indeed the direct cause of the fall of that magnificent city, for its fortification was so strong and its garrison so numerous that Cyrus, with his combined army of Medes and Persians,

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failed to take it after a siege of several months. He was about to abandon the seige when a novel idea occurred to him. He knew that a great festival was held annually at which Babylon gave itself up to revelry and drinking. This date he selected for an attack by marching along the channel of the Euphrates, which intersected the city. A trench was dug by which the water of the river was diverted and its depth greatly reduced. The festival extended over some weeks, but on the principal day Belshazzar gave the grand supper in the hall of his palace so vividly pictured by Daniel.

'Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem. . . . Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines, drank in them.' The revelry was at its height when the dread handwriting appeared on the wall. Meanwhile Cyrus had formed up his attack. His leading companies were already wading along the bed of the Euphrates, the Babylonian pickets had left their post to join in the festivities, and the invaders got possession of the city without resistance from its drunken garrison.

Seventy years later we come to the time of that charming and clever woman, Esther. Her husband, King Ahasuerus, no other than our school friend Xerxes, seems to have been very fond of his dinner and especially of his wine, a pardonable weakness which Esther knew how to humor. He was one of those individuals who become cross and unreasonable when they take a glass too much — a peculiarity which his wife had noted and knew how to turn to account. Indeed it was a little misunderstanding with his first wife one day after dinner that gave Esther her first opportunity. The way she manages her bear of a husband is admirable, getting all her own way while seeming to let him have all his. In playing her game against Haman, she skillfully avoids bringing on the climax until toward the end of the second little dinner she had arranged for the King and his Prime Minister. 'And the King arose in his wrath from the banquet of wine and went into the palace garden.' Then Haman knew he was a lost man. There is no finer tale of woman's tact and courage than the Book of Esther.

The details of daily life in Jerusalem in the time of our Lord have been elucidated by the researches of Dr. Edersheim. While the cost of ordinary living was low, there were to be had in the shops and markets many expensive luxuries, including ice from Lebanon. At feasts there was an introductory course of salted meat, or some light dish. Then followed the meal itself, which ended with dessert consisting of olives, radishes, and fruits — even preserved ginger from India is mentioned. The wine was always mixed with water, the necessity for which can well be understood, the natural and unfortified wine grown in those regions at the present time being strong and heady. Indeed it was considered by some that grace should not be said until after water had been added to the wine. Among the growths of repute was the wine of Saron, and there were foreign wines from Ammon and Asia Minor, the latter a sort of boiled must like our paxarette. According to some scholars liqueurs were known and used, but these would only be sweetened and spiced wines such as wine of myrrh and wine in which capers had been soaked.

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Another mixture, chiefly used by invalids, consisted of old wine, water, and balsam. There was also a cooling drink, described as vinegar, made from grapes which had not ripened or from lees. This was the drink given by charitable ladies to condemned criminals to mitigate their sufferings, and was probably the liquid which filled the sponge at the Crucifixion. From the second chapter of John we gather that heavy drinking was a feature of the festivities of those days. That inebriety was a cloud overshadowing the society of the period is indicated in the first chapter of Luke, which records the nativity of John the Baptist, and the promise to his parents of 'joy and gladness' inasmuch as he 'shall drink no wine nor strong drink.'

In the far East wine was known and used from prehistoric times. Bacchus is originally an Indian deity, and came to the Greeks and Romans by way of Egypt, where, according to some scholars, he figures as Osiris. Homer, who wrote twenty-seven centuries ago, makes frequent references to vineyards and wine.

Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine,

is the commendation of Ulysses to his aged father. At that time the island of Sicily, which had been colonized by the Greeks, was prolific of wines, so that of the wines we find on our modern tables the one possessing the most ancient lineage is the cheap and homely Marsala. In order to mature their wine the ancient Greeks used to submerge it in jars in the sea, a practice analogous to that of our grandfathers when they sent sherry and Madeira on a long voyage.

We have seen how the abuse of wine gave Babylon into the hands of Cyrus. He seems to have bethought himself of this when, eleven years later, he invaded Scythia, and, finding that its hardy people could not be overcome by the ordinary methods of warfare, he pretended to abandon his camp, leaving in it a quantity of wine. The Scythians took possession and, being unacquainted with intoxicating beverages, they drank to excess. Cyrus returned in the night and slew them, but his triumph was short-lived, for Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians, rallied her warlike subjects, who soon furnished her with a new army, with which she destroyed the army of Cyrus and brought his career to an end.

It seems that the consumption of wine reached a very high point about a thousand years before the Christian era. It was about this time that Lycurgus, King of Thrace, set himself to check the tide of drinking. He did not rely on half measures, but passed a Prohibition Act at once. A strict teetotaler himself, he forbade the use of wine to his subjects and rooted up all the vines within his dominion — so that Prohibition is by no means a new idea. How long it lasted in this case history does not tell us, but the end was that his subjects mutinied and put Lycurgus to death, alleging that he had drawn down upon his country the anger of the gods by insulting Bacchus.

The abuse of wine in Eastern countries continued a crying evil down to the time of Mahomet. That bold reformer, in seeking to correct the vices of his time, imposed in other cases only such restrictions as seemed easily practicable, but with true insight he grappled firmly with an evil so difficult to control. He put an unmistakable veto on all alcoholic drinks, and, unlike Lycurgus fifteen centuries before, he succeeded in effecting a reform perhaps the most comprehensive and beneficent in the history of mankind.

Numa Pompilius, who governed the Romans for three and forty years, during which he maintained peace and encouraged the useful arts, took special

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interest in viticulture. For eight or nine centuries after his time the Roman husbandmen paid diligent attention to their vineyards, and some of the authors who have written on rural affairs — like Cato, and Varro, and Vergil — give ample and minute directions for the cultivation of the vine. So advanced, indeed, was their knowledge that few improvements have been added during the centuries that have since elapsed. The general mode of fortifying was by adding aromatic substances such as resin, spikenard, and myrrh, well bruised and sifted. These powders, being heavier than wine, would fall to the bottom and act as clarifiers. Columella, who was a wine-grower in Spain about the beginning of the Christian era, and wrote twelve books on agriculture, says that four ounces to two amphoræ — about six gallons — is the right proportion, but in dry seasons, when the wine is stronger, three ounces will be found sufficient; and he quaintly cautions the wine merchants to put in as little as possible of these ingredients lest their customers should smell them.

Pliny tells us that in his time there were eighty celebrated wines, of which two thirds were produced by Italy herself. The growths most in repute were those from the slopes of Mount Falernus and from Setinium, the latter being the favorite wine of Augustus. These were carefully stored in amphoræ, the mouths of which were closed with earthenware lids sealed and made airtight with a resinous cement. These amphoræ were marked with the name of the growth, and, by the way of date, with the name of the Consul in whose year of office their contents were vintaged. The name of Lucius Opimius Nepos thus became celebrated through more than one generation in connection with the famous vintage of the year in which he was Consul — 121 B.C. The storage was in chambers artificially warmed called fumaria, just as Madeira wine is treated to-day to hasten its maturing. The ancient appearance the amphoræ acquired in these smoky receptacles was much prized, but it was not unfrequently imitated, and the names and dates tampered with, like the brands and cobwebs of our own time. Martial, in one of his *Epigrams*, inveighs against this, specially pointing out one Munna, a wine merchant of Marseille, who seems to have been a noted practitioner in this line, and whom the poet humorously represents as being afraid to visit Rome lest he might be compelled to drink some of his own wine.

The Roman connoisseur preserved his choicest wines in earthenware jars, and there is evidence that glass bottles about the size of our own were in use. Prices also were similar, ranging up to nearly five dollars for a bottle of very old Opimian of the famous year when Opimius was Consul, a figure corresponding to the guinea a bottle of our time. A banquet at the house of a wealthy and cultured Roman, like Lucullus or Mæcenas, the friend and patron of Horace, was elaborate and costly beyond the most sumptuous of our modern dinners, both as regards the dishes and the wines, while the drinking was on a scale not unworthy of our grandfathers. There was always a master of ceremonies whose duty it was to see that every man's cup was filled up, and that everybody drank fair. *Aut bibat aut abeat* was the rule — either drink or begone. The health of friends and of distinguished individuals was pledged in a greater or less number of cups, according to the degree of esteem intended to be indicated, and when toasting his mistress the Roman reveler called upon his friends to drain a cup for every letter of her name.

Before the Roman occupation of

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Gaul the inhabitants drank mead, and wine was imported from Italy for the use of the wealthier classes. But in the early centuries of the Christian era the production of wine in France increased so much that import trade was changed to export. The choicest growths were sent to Rome, just as in later times they were sent to London. For nineteen centuries the slopes of Burgundy have yielded wine of repute, and thence the vines spread northward to Champagne and westward to the valley of the Loire, the two districts which now supply the world with sparkling wines. In the fourth century the district now called St. Emilion, near Bordeaux, bore the highest reputation, when the Roman Consul and poet Ausonius resided there on his wine farm — a reputation which was maintained down to the Middle Ages, but which has since been surpassed by the neighboring district of the Médoc.

Writing in the first century of the Christian era, Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were heavy drinkers. Their drink was a coarse strong ale brewed from grain.

During the four centuries of the Roman occupation of England, wine was regularly imported from Gaul. In the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire, a Romano-British city suddenly and utterly destroyed by Anglian invaders, A.D. 583, wine bottles have been discovered; and from the Colloquy of Ælfric we learn that Bordeaux sent wine to England in Saxon times, reintroduced by Christian missionaries who came to convert our heathen forefathers. For two or three centuries subsequent to the Norman Conquest wine was made in the South of England from grapes grown in the open air by the brethren of the wealthy abbeys, which were always situated in fertile and sheltered places. We know that claret was imported into Hull in the eleventh century. King John drank claret himself and was anxious that his subjects should not be overcharged for it, so he fixed the retail price at sixpence per gallon. At his death in 1216 he owed a considerable wine-bill to the Commune of Bordeaux, for which they never got more than eleven shillings in the pound. His successor, Henry III, did business in claret on his own account, and in 1243, finding himself rather overstocked, he ordained that no other wine should be offered until his own had found a market.

From Chaucer's 'Shipman's Tale' it appears that sailors had no more scruples then than they have now about pilfering from wine cargoes, and as there were then no iron bulkheads to contend with, their opportunities were good. It was necessary, therefore, for wine merchants to travel themselves, or to send someone in their interest to look after their property. The wine merchants themselves were well looked after in those days, for King Edward II in 1309, thinking they were making too much profit, fixed the price of the best wines at fivepence per gallon, and ordered some of the wholesale houses that had opened taverns for retail trade to give up that branch of their business.

During the year 1350, vessels to the number of 141 cleared at Bordeaux for England laden with wine, and this large trade seems to have increased during the remainder of the century, notwithstanding a great rise in freights occasioned by wars. A charter-party dated 1395 shows that a whaler called the Trinity was taken up for the round voyage to the claret ports and back to the British Isles. She was to get 14*s*. to 16*s*. for ports on the east coast of Ireland, and 18*s*. if ordered to Beaumaris or Chester. There is no quotation for Liverpool. It must be remembered that this important trade was not a foreign one, for all the wine-growing dis-

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tricts of southwestern France were English territory during three centuries. After 1453, when these provinces came finally under the French Crown, English traders were hampered in every possible way, and in retaliation the Bordeaux merchants and their ships were burdened with restrictions in English ports. The consequence was that trade with the Gironde fell off very much, and began to flow in other channels. Thus the wines of Burgundy were brought before English buyers at Rouen, and the white wines of the Rhine received more attention.

In the reign of Henry VIII the taste for stronger wines had increased in England, and wine from Spain and Portugal began to be freely imported. But the popular beverage was ale, spirits being known only as a medicine. The art of distillation had been discovered long before by the Arabian alchemists in their search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life.

The first mention of alcohol is in the eleventh century by Abul Kasim, an Arabian physician. The most wonderful properties were ascribed to it, but its production, carried on in small alembics for several centuries, was very limited, and the drinks of the English people during 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth' were ale and wine. During her reign Spanish wine came into common use under the name of sack, a word which is simply the Spanish *seco* — dry. But the Elizabethans liked their sherry not too dry, and they mixed it with hot water and sugar, making what we call negus. The sherry of those days must have been the same as it is now, for when it was shipped very young for the sake of extra profit it behaved precisely as our cheap sherries do if imported at low alcoholic strength. Distillation not being sufficiently advanced, it could not be fortified with spirits, and lime was put into it to check the fretting of secondary fermentation. It must have been some of this young sherry that caused Falstaff to blow up the waiter at the Boar's Head: 'You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it.'

The restoration of Charles II was also a restoration of drinking, as testified by the bacchanalian ditties of the period. Claret continued to be a favorite wine in England during the seventeenth century, especially in the sister kingdoms where ale was not well known. On the table of an Irish gentleman or of a Highland chieftain the red wine of France was to be found in profusion. In the Western Highlands some of the lairds were impoverishing their estates to keep the bowl flowing, and even tenants and crofters were wasting money on wine brought to them by French smugglers. This led to an ordinance by the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated July 23, 1622, prohibiting masters of vessels from carrying wine into those districts, forbidding absolutely its sale to the common people, and putting the lairds on a fixed allowance.

It is amusing to observe what was considered a reduced allowance of claret for a Highland gentleman's household in the seventeenth century. Mackinnon of Skye and Maclean of Coll were restricted to four hogsheads each — about eighty dozen bottles — while for chieftains such as Clanranald and Macleod of Dunvegan the year's supply was to be twelve to sixteen hogsheads. But a new magnate now arose in Scotland, — namely, John Barleycorn, — his advent hastened, most likely, by those very restrictions. During the eighteenth century ale and whiskey came into general use in Scotland, and Burns, writing in the lat-

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ter half of the century, remarks of his countrymen: —

> Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
> Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!

Claret, however, still maintained its place among the wealthier classes in Scotland and Ireland, and Burns's account of the contest for the whistle, which took place in 1790, gives an idea of the drinking customs of the period.

The prolonged war with France which broke out at the end of the seventeenth century created an important change in the wine-drinking habits of the English people. The price of claret rose to three or four times its former figure, and in 1703 a treaty was concluded with Portugal by which the wines of that country were to be admitted at one third less than the duty charged upon French wines. English merchants had settled at Oporto, and the impetus given to the production of red wine on the Douro was such that by the middle of the eighteenth century claret in England was almost superseded by port. At that period the consumption of port in England was much larger than it is to-day. Indeed, the demand could only be met by obtaining similar wine from other countries, and forcing it by artificial means to resemble real port until falsification became a crying evil.

From this cursory review of alcoholics, extending over forty centuries, we see that there has been a liquor problem in every age; that warnings against the abuse of strong drink and measures adopted at various times to prevent or mitigate its baneful consequences have never been more than partially effective.

The nuisance and danger of inebriety have been magnified in our time by the vastly increased production and wide distribution of alcoholic drinks, and if they are to be looked upon as gifts they are gifts too dangerous to be handled as unguardedly as they were during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The fact that a highly civilized nation, numbering more than a hundred millions of people, should have resolved upon absolute prohibition is a sign that the conscience of mankind is awakened and alarmed. If this drastic measure on the part of the United States does not meet with all the success it deserves, it will at least check the evil it set out to cure, and will advance the social change of view that has taken place since the days when inebriety was regarded as a matter of course, to be tolerated with a smile.

The fascination exercised by alcohol over certain temperaments resembles the strange fascination of the burning candle over the fluttering moth. How these hapless human moths should be dealt with is a question not easily answered. Shakespeare's sympathy with them is evident when he makes Hamlet, after denouncing the drinking customs of his time, go on to plead: —

> So, oft it chances in particular men,
> That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
> As, in their birth — wherein they are not guilty,
> Since nature cannot choose his origin —

These men, their 'virtues else — be they as pure as grace,' are condemned for one particular fault, and Shakespeare follows up his humane plea with a concrete example. The story of Cassio in the second act of *Othello*, his downfall through drink, and the remorseful groan wrung from him in his distress, is, to the understanding heart, perhaps the most pathetic page of Shakespeare's writings. Happily the story ends with the restoration to place and honor of 'a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar and give direction.'

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REMOTEST PERU

BY ELSIE E. D. DARKINS

From the *West Coast Leader, May* 13
(LIMA ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WEEKLY)

PICTURE to yourself long rows of rolling mountains entirely covered by dense forests, and away in the far distance a long white curling snake-like line, the River Chinchipe, one of the many tributaries of the vast Amazonian watershed. We are going eastward, having left behind us the hot sandy desert of the North Peruvian coast. For many and many a weary mile we have traveled over the sun-baked arid country, and the sight of fresh clean green vegetation is something to think about. We are just on the summit of the third range of the mighty Andes, although we have chosen for our trip the lowest section of these mountains in the whole of the Continent. In contrast to the heat and dryness left behind us, here, at an altitude of seven thousand feet on this last summit, the climate is wonderfully refreshing.

Enormous clusters of clouds hang over the ridges, and even low down on the hillsides ahead of us. A long way below us, on what appears to be a tiny plateau, our guide points out a small bunch of white specks. That, he tells us, is the tiny village of San Ignacio. Very small it looks from the distance, among the vastness and majesty of the surrounding country. A little to the north he points out the cañon of the San Francisco River, a small stream running at right angles into the Chinchipe. This is the extreme limit of the Peruvian northwestern border, as this river divides Peru from Ecuador.

We continue our journey, and a few hours' travel, descending rapidly along the ridges of the mountains, brings us to San Ignacio. As we ride into its grass-covered plaza, people advance toward us from all directions, introducing themselves and offering us accommodation. We inquire for the Governor, and he places at our disposal a small room, with effusive excuses, lamenting that it is 'unworthy of such distinguished visitors,' although we have not yet introduced ourselves or produced any papers. I mention this as testifying to the kind simplicity and hospitality of these good people. We need not, however, impose upon their kindness, as we carry our own tents, outfit, and food.

San Ignacio should commend itself to any man tired of civilization, who feels he would like to live the simple life, for not in many places in the country, not even among savage tribes, could he find conditions much more primitive. The houses — if such they may be called — may be very picturesque from a distance, but they are sadly lacking in comfort.

As a rule they consist of two small rooms, one the kitchen, the other the 'parlor.' The walls are made of cane tied together — not very close together; you can always see through — while the roofs are thatched with sugar-cane leaves. No windows are necessary, as the interstices between the cane give both light and air, but of course afford no privacy whatsoever. Neither is there furniture of any kind, not even tables or chairs. At mealtime the family squats around the kitchen

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floor, where the lady of the house presides over a large earthenware pot moulded by her own hands, and serves her yuca or banana soup in tiny replicas of the large pot. It certainly is the simple life!

Food too is limited, both in quantity and variety. There is any amount of land, but unfortunately not very much cultivation. Green bananas, or plantains, and yuca form the chief diet. Meat can always be obtained, also rice; but they have to be paid for in cash and therefore cannot be indulged in very often by these poor people. Bread to them is like Christmas cake to our children at home — a dainty luxury for important fiesta days only, and is talked about, dreamed about, and remembered.

The *chacras* — or farms — are small and not very well tilled. To be sure, agriculture is difficult on account of ants and other pests, and because weeds grow with lightning rapidity in these subtropical humid climates, but no more cultivating than necessary is attempted. When a man has grown enough yuca, bananas, and sometimes sugar-cane to supply his household, and enough tobacco to sell to buy clothing and salt for the year, his ambition ends. Nor can you blame him for not aspiring to wealth when you consider the ridiculous price he receives for his products, and the small requirements of himself and family. His surplus harvest — if in the course of a lifetime he ever has a surplus — would not bring him a fortune.

The following list will give an idea of values, bearing in mind that a centavo is equivalent to one half an American cent: bananas, ten centavos a bunch, the product of one tree; yuca, ten centavos a root, usually about twenty-five pounds; meat, fifteen to twenty centavos a pound; raw sugar, fifteen centavos a block of five pounds; green corn, ten centavos for about half a sack; maize, forty centavos an arroba, or twenty-five pounds. The highest price for a cow is forty-five sols, or a little over twenty American dollars. Tobacco brings twenty-five sols a carga of one hundred and fifty pounds sold to the Government in Huancabamba, four and a half days' journey from San Ignacio.

Money is not used much in neighborhood transactions, business being done by barter. Cattle and tobacco are the only products that bring in actual cash. These people have a great dislike for buying and selling, and do so only as a mark of great friendship. Each household lives absolutely independently of all the others. Each man grows his own food, and only in dire necessity buys ten centavos' worth of yuca or bananas. He grinds his own cane, from which he makes his raw sugar. He goes yearly to Huancabamba with his tobacco and brings back the necessities for the year — clothing, a machete, and salt. Medicines and dyes are also bought if there is any money left over, but that does not occur very often.

While writing of cane-grinding, mention should be made of the local sugar-mills, for these are indeed works of art. In some chacras a three-cylinder machine made throughout of wood is used, and is driven by oxen — oxen are used as beasts of burden, and one man actually rides one. The great works of art I write about, however, are not these three-cylinder affairs, but that one which resembles very much an ordinary clothes-wringer, although its manipulation is different. A washerwoman manages her wringer single-handed; this marvel of ingenuity needs three operators!

Poor though San Ignacio may be to-day, it once could boast of wealth. It is said to have been the happy hunting-ground of gold-seekers and, if

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report be true, mines of fabulous wealth existed near the San Francisco creek, and perhaps were worked by the Spaniards, as signs of their colonization are present on all sides. Of late years several gold-washers have attempted to discover the hidden treasure, but though all have found gold in the rivers no one as yet has been able to get at the mother lode.

Ample proof exists that these regions were formerly inhabited by the Inca Indians. For instance, at about a half-day's journey from the town is a huge cliff covered over its whole area with weird figures and symbols, not cut in the rock, but painted in red, and notwithstanding the excessively humid climate prevalent there these figures are in perfect condition to-day. As would naturally be supposed, many superstitions prevail regarding this rock. Some say it conceals a cave, the entrance to which is guarded by an enormous snake. Nobody seems to have the courage to kill the snake and enter the cave. This may be the entrance to the great gold-mine!

As I said before, these San Ignacioites are a very hospitable people. All visitors are invited to a cup of *guayusa*, an infusion of the leaves of a tree, resembling the maté of the Argentine. This is served with a little meat, yuca, or tamales. They may not have enough for themselves, but there is always something for guests. When they return a visit they bring a present. It may be some toffee made from raw sugar, a little yuca, or some ripe bananas, which are never to be seen — the ripe kind — in the chacras or the houses, but only come to light as presents.

We often hear the native women called indolent, but on actually seeing their everyday life we cannot make such an accusation — certainly not in these parts. In Huancabamba there is more than one who owns and runs a relatively large business and has made a good-sized fortune. I know of a woman who does all the business of a farm and manages its peons, besides cooking for them and her own large family. Women from these country districts often accompany their menfolk to Huancabamba. These journeys are no pleasure-trips, I can assure you, the tobacco harvest coming as it does in the wet season. The roads are bad in some places, and even in the dry season the first two days' travel is made through one immense sea of mud, so that you cannot possibly get through dry. These poor women set out on foot, without shoes, dressed in thin cotton clothes and carrying one thin poncho, which also serves as a bed-covering. They walk all day, sometimes — in fact usually — in a downpour of rain. They arrive soaking wet at the *tambo*, — where there are no houses a *tambo*, or inn, though usually only a roof, is built, — light a fire, — and the wood is sure to be wet, — go sometimes a good distance for water, and then set to work with their cooking, all the time shivering with cold, wet clothes, and even with tertian fever. When the food is cooked, they serve it, eat, wash up, make their beds on the damp ground, and go to rest. Saddle-cloths serve as a mattress, their one cotton poncho and wet clothes as covering. At daybreak they are up again to wet clothes, wet firewood, cooking, and another long day's tramp. For ten or fifteen days they go through this routine, seldom complaining except of the cold.

I have no grudge against these people for not being willing to sell their produce, as I do not count on buying anything except green vegetables when they can be obtained, but after continuous consumption of more or less the same thing over and over again, and after seeing plenty of ripe corn, I

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thought that a plate of *humitas*, the delicious steamed corn dish of the country, would not be amiss. So I determined that by fair means or foul I would acquire the green corn with which to make it.

From observation and experience I determined on the following plan of attack: first, to find out definitely who had green corn — they say '*no hay*' whether they have or have not; second, to call as for a casual visit and, as they do, to carry a small present; third, to go prepared to stay an hour at least — you offend them if you refuse the guayusa; fourth, to agree with their *no hay* and all their other objections, and on no account to contradict them; fifth, to offer double or treble the recognized price — that would still be cheap.

I made inquiries and found that a certain old woman had a good-sized *maizal*, and that the corn was green. So I provided myself with some bread as a present, knowing that this would find me favor if anything would; then I set out on horseback. Arriving at the house, I saluted the lady and was welcomed very cordially; three people helped me to dismount, when I could have dispensed with all such assistance. I was invited to enter, a new clean saddlecloth was brought out for me to sit upon, the guayusa was put on to boil, the yuca and meat were fried, and everything was going off as merrily as a mothers' meeting. I asked how my hostess was, and how her *frios* were — the local name for tertian fever, from which they all suffer. I presented my gift of bread, and I inquired about her husband, though this may have been a delicate question, husbands having a tendency to disappear in these parts; I asked about each child individually and the remotest *compadre* and *comadre*.

All this conversation took place while I drank the guayusa — it takes some moral courage to swallow this liquid, believe me. About two hours passed and I was thinking of returning. We all seemed in such good humor that I thought I could bring up the momentous question: Had she any corn? And if she had any, as a great favor might she sell me some? Not a great quantity, only three or four pair of ears, and if she did me this favor I would remember her with gratitude all the days of my life.

She answered me that to be sure she had a maisal, — we were looking out on it so that she could not deny its existence, — but food was scarce, and she had so many mouths to feed, and she had to keep what little corn she had to fatten the pigs and the hens for the fiesta that was approaching, of which she was *mayordoma*, for which reasons she could not possibly sell even five centavos' worth.

Feeling confident that I was going to attain my desires, I was not disheartened, nor did I press the point. I continued the conversation, asking what fiesta was approaching. 'San Antonio,' she answered, and related that the last time that she was mayordoma she had to kill five hens and ten guinea pigs, besides providing rice, yuca, and bananas for all the guests. I agreed with her that the fiesta was a great expense, and sympathized with her in all her other troubles. In the meantime another good hour had passed, and in my secret heart I was wondering if the corn was worth so large a fraction of my life; nor did humitas seem half so tempting as they had seemed when I set out in the morning. I declared that I really must go; but what do you think — she had been preparing me another meal! This poor old woman who could not afford to sell me five centavos' worth of corn was inviting me to two meals! For fear of offending her I stayed. We had yuca soup, ripe bananas, and coffee.

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Still another hour passed in pleasant conversation; then I got up again. I said nothing about going. The time was for action, not words. I went and saw about my horse being saddled. I made no further mention of corn, meaning to bring up the subject once I was on my horse, provided she did not do so before that. The horse was saddled and I was in the middle of making my adieux to the various members of the family when she exclaimed, as if by inspiration, although she knew the purpose of my visit as well as I did: '*Un momentito!*' — and disappearing like lightning into the maisal she returned with a huge saddlebag packed full. '*Un regalito para la gringuita, pobrecita, andando en estas tierras tan fieras!* — A small present for the lady, poor little thing, traveling about in these wild countries!' she declared as she tied the bag to my saddle. I gave effusive thanks, a more effusive farewell, sprang into the saddle, and departed. I did not need to look into the saddlebag. Well did I know that I carried back the corn she could not possibly sell!

The point is that this has to be gone through with every time one wants to buy, and every little purchase needs as much time and conversation. No wonder these people are poor. No wonder chacras are not well tilled. The time is passed in conversation. But for us poor gringos, who value each hour of our lives, and who, when we would pay fifteen centavos for each *choclo* — ear of green corn — in Lima, get a hundred here as a present, where is the economy? Where?

THE HOME LIFE OF THE ROMANOVS. I

BY S. R. MINZLOV

[*About a year ago, in the issue of April 28, 1923, the* Living Age *published a note upon the memoirs of Alexander II which, among other things, confirmed the rumor that Tsar Nicholas I committed suicide in despair over Russia's military disasters in Crimea. The following reminiscences, showing the pleasanter side of that monarch's domestic life, while not susceptible of documentary proof, purport to be authentic.*]

From *Dni, March 31*
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)

HERE in our little Yugoslav town of Novy Sad, among former aristocrats and other fellow-countrymen who have seen better times, I have discovered a few really interesting old ladies and gentlemen who have suffered much, like all our émigrés, but who — unlike most of these unfortunates — have also learned much from their experience. I often feel, when conversing with one of them, as if I were speaking with an ancient hermit. Last summer we Russian lodgers at a wretched little house would gather evenings in the tiny courtyard and, sitting between the stable and the garbage bin, would chat and drink tea under the starry skies. Our party included former

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ladies-in-waiting and dignitaries of the Imperial Court. The particular tale that follows was related by one of these, a Madame Shkinskaia, who spent a lifetime as a tutor in the Tsar's family, and is absolutely trustworthy.

Many years ago all Moscow and the Crimean resorts knew the familiar figure of a tall, gray-haired woman, energetic and erect in spite of her already advanced years, who invariably wore a short skirt and a man's high boots and carried a cane. She was commonly called Masha Fredericks, and, be it said by the way, she could not tolerate Count Fredericks, her namesake and Russia's last Minister of the Imperial Household.

She had been educated at Smolny, the old school of nobles, where she attracted the notice of Emperor Nicholas I at a graduation ball, because she sat by the wall, lonely and unattended. The Tsar promptly led Grand Duke Michael up to her and told him to ask her to dance.

'I don't care to dance with such a homely girl,' the young man muttered.

'Get out of this then, you fool!' said the Emperor sharply, and, removing his sabre, asked the girl for a waltz. At its conclusion he presented her to the Empress, who received her with great kindness.

Before commencement the young girls were naturally all aflurry with their plans for the future. The Tsarina often called at the Institute and it did not escape her observing eye that Masha Fredericks usually sat alone during these lively times, and did not take part in all this dreaming aloud of future happiness. She had no place to go after she left Smolny, — at least, no pleasant place, — for she was a poor orphan.

One day the Empress put her arms around the girl and said: 'I 'll make her dreams for her. Masha will stay with us.'

That night hardly anyone slept in the big dormitory. Everyone talked of Masha, envied her, and rejoiced with her.

A few days before commencement, basket-trunks with 'their own things' began to pile into the senior dormitories. They contained the pretty gowns that the girls would wear when they discarded their school uniforms at graduation. Masha, who had no relatives, did not expect a trunk. However, one came for her, labeled 'M. Fredericks' in the Empress's own handwriting. When it was opened, the girls smelled the Tsarina's favorite perfume; obviously she had packed the trunk herself.

On commencement day there was always a grand dinner at Smolny for the senior girls, after which the graduates went up the grand stairway to the great white ballroom on the second floor; this was the only time in their student life that any Smolny girl had that experience. Among the throngs of parents waiting for their daughters, the Empress stood modestly, waiting for Masha. In those days parents never came for their daughters in their own carriages, because that would be considered tactless toward the girls who had no such luxury. Everyone came in a hired carriage and the doorman announced them in the alphabetical order of the girls' names. The Empress, in accordance with this custom, took Masha away in a hired conveyance. The following day, when custom required each mother of a new graduate to make a formal call on the principal of Smolny, the Empress called with her new favorite.

The young orphan's bed was placed in the same chamber with those of the young Grand Duchesses Olga and Maria, who welcomed her most kindly.

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In the dining-room she found her napkin in a ring with her own initials, and under the napkin graduation presents from the Imperial couple. Then Nicholas I raised his glass and offered a toast to her as 'our God-sent daughter.'

Masha Fredericks had no property whatsoever of her own, and aristocratic courtiers sometimes slighted her. But the Empress was always on the lookout for such incidents and speedily showed the offenders their place. She herself possessed a remarkably kindly and even disposition. She always wore a large shawl, and when excited betrayed her emotion with a single gesture: she wrapped the shawl more tightly around her shoulders. Nicholas I had great respect for his wife and perfect harmony reigned in the family.

Every day one of the Tsar's daughters sat next to him at table and shared the special meal served him, — usually the plain barracks fare of *shchi* and *kasha:* that is, sour cabbage soup with cream and buckwheat grits, — for he hated to eat anything alone. The girls took turns at this duty. A few days after Masha's arrival, when the family was ready to sit down for dinner, one of the Grand Duchesses ran ahead to take her seat next to her father, but her sister stopped her and the seat remained empty. Thereupon the Tsar turned to Masha Fredericks and said sternly: 'This is not in order. Don't you know, Masha, that it 's your turn to-day?'

Masha hastened to take her seat next to Nicholas I and thus made her entry into the daily routine of the royal family.

A few years later, when Nicholas I was walking in Petrograd on a rainy, misty day, he noticed a small boy leading a still younger girl, who followed him like a shadow. He asked the children what they wanted.

'Take us with you,' said the boy.

'Who are you?'

The boy gave the name of a Polish count who had recently been exiled to Siberia and deprived of his title for active participation in the last Polish insurrection. The Tsar frowned and asked: 'Where is your mother?'

'She is dead.'

A few minutes later, while the Empress, her daughters, and Masha were seated in their warm, cosy boudoir, embroidering and talking, they heard the quick steps of the Tsar approaching. The monarch walked in, followed by two strange, wet, shivering children. He said brusquely to his wife: 'There! Do with them what you please' — and, turning sharply on his heel, left the room. He did not speak a word that evening at dinner. But at another dinner, a few days later, the Empress handed him a sheet of paper with the remark: 'I 've done it.'

The paper was an order to receive the little Polish girl in the Smolny Institute and the boy in the Pages' School. Nicholas I read it, then raised his eyes and looked steadily at the Empress for a few moments. She bore his gaze firmly. Finally, muttering between his teeth: 'Let it be as you wish,' he signed the paper and kissed his wife's hand.

Thus the little Polish children were placed in the two privileged schools the same day. The Empress never forgot to keep track of them. The girl proved a gloomy, vengeful little soul. The boy died before completing his course. When the girl's graduating-day came, the question arose as to how she was to be named in her diploma, since her parents had been deprived of their title. This was important, since the diplomas were distributed at the commencement exercises and the names would be read aloud in public. The Empress was worried. Finally one day she wrapped her shawl tightly around

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her and, taking a liberty that she rarely ventured, entered her husband's study without invitation. A few minutes later she returned with a radiant face. In her hand she held a sheet of paper with the Polish girl's name and the title 'Countess' added in the Emperor's own handwriting. Later the Emperor received her protégée at the Palace and soon arranged for her marriage with a Court official.

A little Swedish countess, Maria Kronhelm, also studied at Smolny about that time. As she was a poor orphan, she was, after her graduation, recommended as a governess to a prominent family. She was a rare red-haired beauty, danced admirably, and was naïvely open-hearted. Soon after arriving at the strange home, her employers gave a grand ball. Young Maria Kronhelm had scraped together her last pennies to contrive an evening gown for the occasion. When the guests began to arrive she sat in the nursery in her flimsy dress, all excitement and expectation, waiting to be invited to join the party. The mistress of the house walked in to have a look at her little girl.

'What does this performance mean?' she asked, with a chilly stare at the evening gown of the young governess.

'I — there — there 's going to be a ball — ' she stammered in great embarrassment.

'Your place is with little Betsy,' the lady replied cuttingly, and left the room.

The next day the young countess hastened to the principal of Smolny and tearfully related to her the whole occurrence. The latter told the story to the Empress, who sent a carriage for Maria Kronhelm, with instructions that she was to be given a home again at Smolny. A little later, when a list of those invited to a grand reception in the Imperial Palace was presented to the Tsar for approval, he crossed out the name of the countess who had employed Maria Kronhelm, and wrote on the margin: 'I have no room in my palace for a lady who has no place for a *Smolianka* at her parties.' As a result, many aristocratic homes closed their doors to the snobbish countess and, naturally, she was never invited again to any function where the Imperial couple were to be present.

The august monarch used to play with his boys in his leisure hours — usually very boisterously. One time they were playing horse and it came the turn of Nicholas I to be the horse. He was put 'into the stall,' — that is, in a corner of the room, — and the boys began to scrub him. When the Empress came in, they were pouring water over the Tsar and brushing him vigorously, saying: 'No, that won't do. Stamp! Stamp! You 're the horse — you 've got to stamp!' The Tsar, all wet, obediently stamped.

Nicholas I liked to tell stories of his childhood. He remembered with dread his tutor, Count Lamsdorff, a brutal, coarse man who knew nothing about education. When little Nicholas behaved badly, he was put in a corner and his brother Michael was told to play with his toys. Nicholas was extremely orderly and liked to build. Michael was destructive, and the punishment consisted in having Nicholas watch Michael destroy the little structures he had made and break his playthings. Nicholas also had a German nurse who at one time had lived in Poland and constantly impressed on her young charge her opinion of that country as 'the worst place in the world, inhabited by the worst possible people.' Thus her prejudice was so indelibly imprinted on the plastic mind of young Nicholas that he never was able to banish it.

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The Tsar would often tell his family about his visit to Queen Victoria. He had stayed for seven days at Windsor Castle, and when he left, a bill was presented him, exactly as is done in a hotel.

One evening during Lent, at the time of the Crimean War, the Imperial family returned from church, where they had been to confession, and sat in a group reading the Bible in preparation for communion the following day. The Tsar withdrew early, and a little later the Empress rose and followed him. They remained together a long time, and when the Empress returned she sat down on the arm of Masha's chair and said in a low voice: 'Nicholas feels very depressed. I am afraid —'

This was the first time that Masha had ever heard the Tsarina use her husband's first name in the presence of others. On other occasions she invariably referred to him as His Majesty. All the family knew that the Emperor was not himself that evening. Finally the Tsarina told the children to leave her and to continue their reading in another room. As they went out, Masha looked back and saw the Empress weeping bitterly in her chair.

About the middle of the night the whole family, including Masha, were awakened and summoned to the Tsar's bedside. In the doorway they met Alexander — the future Alexander II. He sobbed and tore his adjutant's insignia from his shoulders, saying: 'It 's over — I 'll never be his adjutant again.' On that last evening Nicholas I had exacted from his son a promise to liberate the serfs.

Nicholas I lay on a narrow iron camp-bed, deathly pale. He blessed the children. The Empress drew Masha aside and asked her if she would not call in Nelidova, the former mistress of his father, Paul I, who lived in extreme retirement at the other end of the long corridor and never appeared among the family. Nicholas overheard her. 'No,' he said sharply, 'it is not necessary,' and ordered everyone to leave except the Tsarina herself.

When the family were summoned again, Nicholas I was dead. His face was black, and black spots disfigured his hands. But not a soul in the family spoke of what they all knew: that he had taken poison.

As Masha was walking back along the corridor to her apartment after all had left the death chamber, she saw a shadow-like figure slip noiselessly into the room of the dead sovereign. It was Nelidova.

Madame Shkinskaia, whose father was a near relative of Arndt, the personal physician of Nicholas I, told me the latter's account of that sovereign's last hours. Arndt was called, and Nicholas I, without wasting time in preliminaries, demanded a deadly poison. The physician tried to remonstrate.

'I have no right to live any longer as Tsar,' insisted Nicholas. 'Give me something to put me out of the world.' Arndt continued to protest. Finally the Emperor stamped his foot and gave an imperative order. Many times in his later life the poor man cried bitterly at the home of the Shkinskii, regretting his last act of obedience.

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IN A LITERARY FACTORY

BY DOUGLAS H. STEWART

From the *Outlook, May* 31
(London Middle-Ground Liberal Weekly)

The other day I had the privilege of being conducted, along with a friend, through the premises of Messrs. Bangham and Barger, Authors. Mr. Barger, who issued the permit, was out of town, and a distinguished member of the staff acted as our cicerone. We were to have called on Mr. Bangham, but as we chanced to learn that he was extremely busy with the spring fiction we did not intrude.

There are two principal classes of writers employed in this interesting establishment: the plottists who design the stories, and the detailists who do the actual writing, or rather typewriting. I am told that a plot should not be longer than can be written on one side of a sheet of foolscap. There were three plottists at work as we entered the plot-room, and these, along with our guide, constitute the complete staff. The plot-room is really nothing but a roomy, well-furnished library. Two of the plottists were engaged in a consultation at a table. The third was sitting with legs crossed in an easy-chair, and with furrowed brow and horn-rimmed spectacles he was reading what looked like a volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*. At a table near him, and apparently working under his orders, was an apprentice of about sixteen. He was making notes out of a ponderous tome entitled *Italy in the Sixteenth Century;* and his countenance wore an expression of boredom, intense and undisguised.

The plottists — as well as the apprentices — seemed not unwilling to suspend their labors for a while, and to explain the part they played in the organization. They impressed me, indeed, as being extremely witty, genial, and cultivated. They showed us some of their plots, and I noticed that historical plots had marginal references to various authorities. They told us that they had found it necessary to make their stories simple and full of action. The detailists, they said, invariably made a 'hash' of anything subtle or psychological. In answer to my inquiry they informed us that they usually keep a fortnight's supply of plots in reserve in case of a drought of inspiration.

Between the plottists and the detailists there is a class of intermediaries or middlemen technically known as 'arrangers.' The arranging-room is more like an office than a studio. Eight or nine arrangers were busy dictating to typists, or working at desks covered with manuscripts, letters, chits, and memos. The arrangers struck me as being decidedly less literary than the plottists; in fact, they reminded me of people like adjutants, sergeant-majors, and head waiters, who keep those immediately above and below them in a state of continual turmoil and trepidation. As was natural, perhaps, they were rather briefer in their explanations than the plottists. I hope, however, I do not give the impression that they were uncivil.

The duties of the arrangers seem to be very miscellaneous. They refer back unsuitable plots to the plot-room

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with comments, expand the suitable ones and assign them to various detailists to be made into novels, dramas, and scenarios, keep discipline in the detail-room, go over the finished work of the detailists, prepare material for publishers' jackets, get up briefs for the principals and otherwise assist them in dealing with editors, publishers, and producers, see that odds and ends are properly utilized as snappy articles, and correspond with the press in answer to reviewers.

The detail-room is large and well lighted, but somewhat bare. There were fifty or sixty detailists and others at work, and they impressed me as being, on the average, young, happy-go-lucky, and fairly energetic. There was a good deal of conversation; and it seemed to me that the effect of this was to level up, perhaps also to level down. One young man, leaning back in his chair, exclaimed, 'How 's this?' and began to read from his manuscript: '"No," she said icily, freezing him — ' The rest of the sentence was lost amid a chorus of derisive comments and some pantomimic shivering on the part of the young men and women about him.

Another youth was standing reading his neighbor's manuscript, and I heard him remark: 'Why all the full stops? Won't one do the job?'

The division of employments in this firm was still further illustrated by chance remarks. A detailist of about twenty-three years came back to his desk after a brief interview with the Arranger-in-Chief and, flinging down his manuscript, exclaimed: 'This is without doubt the worst-managed office I' ve ever been in. Where *are* all the local-colorists?'

'One 's at St. Ives, one 's at St. Andrews, one 's at Cannes, and one 's at Manchester,' replied his neighbor without looking up from his typewriter.

'I wonder what would happen if I applied to old Bang for an appointment?'

'The Manchester one 's coming back by the evening train.'

Other experts are spellers, grammarians, and punctuators who correct the work of the detailists before it is sent back to the arrangers, and, in rooms of their own, an antiquarian and an authority on the woman's point of view.

The consultant on women's questions we did not visit; but we spent a very pleasant hour in the study of Mr. Tyndall, the antiquarian. I may say in passing that we caught a glimpse of Mr. Bangham at his work. He is a big, vigorous man and was speaking with considerable energy over a telephone, I suppose to an editor or publisher. My friend said afterward that he would have made a distinguished member of the 1918 Parliament.

Mr. Tyndall's study is a charming little room, full of old books, prints, and curios, and with a casement window looking over a park. As we entered he did not look up for a moment, no doubt thinking that we were detailists; and I could not help observing that he was writing with great facility and neatness in an old-fashioned-looking script in which each letter was separate. He is a tall, distinguished-looking man, clean-shaven, and with thick white hair. His expression is at once alert and benign; and seldom have I met anyone whose conversation is more sparkling and interesting.

Mr. Tyndall supervises the technical detail in historical novels, and at the same time he is writing a standard work on mediæval costumes. While it would be too much to say that he altogether approves of modern developments in the writer's art, he seems to have no complaint in respect of his own personal occupation. It is 'sociable, but not too sociable'; and he is only too

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pleased to leave matters of business in the capable hands of Mr. Bangham or Mr. Barger.

After we had been talking for a little time a detailist called in to inquire whether it was 'hauberk' or 'halbert,' and which was which, anyway. Mr. Tyndall by means of some illustrations in an old book was able to convince him that the knight in question had been stricken through the hauberk, not through the halbert. Later on a plottist dropped in, and shortly afterward tea arrived.

In the flow of conversation which followed the entry of a second plottist, a question I had meant to ask quite slipped my memory until after we had taken our departure; and I am still left wondering whether the *Treatise on Angevin Armor and Costume* will appear as Mr. Tyndall's own work, or under the authorship of Messrs. Bangham and Barger.

A BALLOON CHASE

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, June 4*
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

A balloon chase taxes the ingenuity of an aeronaut. He must not only control his balloon, but he must also elude the pursuit balloons and automobiles that are on his trail.

At 11.36 A.M., after carefully taking our observations of wind and weather and seeing that everything was in order, we tripped anchor, so to speak, and were off, followed by the Godspeeds and 'Chautauqua salutes' of a cluster of well-wishers, who stood staring up at us as we swept out of sight beyond the roof of the gas works.

As we gazed back at them, they looked like a little group of ants. Our great yellow globe, with its red waistband, circled rapidly for a moment, and then sailed solemnly and majestically after the little pilot-balloon that we had released shortly before our ascent, toward Zurich, while we gazed over the basket's edge drinking in the beauty of the brocaded landscape below.

What a mere thread of a stream the Limmat is, seen from balloon perspective. How tiny the villages look, sprinkled on the green cloth beneath us. Their houses seem like toys tumbled out of a boy's basket. The Uetliberg need no longer pride itself on its height, and the lake has dwindled to a horn-shaped pond with white specks here and there, where sailboats cut its surface. An express train with a brownish-red dining-car is speeding away toward Bern like an infinitesimal snake, making a tremendous noise in proportion to its size.

Before we are over the city we cast a rapid glance around the basket to assure ourselves again that nothing has been forgotten. Glasses clink in the side pockets, a couple of bottles certainly contain something besides oil or gasoline, a tiny ice-box is there, and bread and cold meat a plenty promise that we shall suffer no physical privations in the lonely upper altitudes. We arrange our twenty-five sandbags, inspect the instruments, fasten the seats securely, make ourselves comfortable,

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and set about a systematic survey of the landscape.

One of us identifies this point, another that point, as we glide along; gazing down at the gardens of the good Zurich burghers and the roofs of their houses, and tracing streets and suburban highways until they lose themselves in the distant mountains. There is nothing to disturb us — no rattle of machinery, no steam, no smoke, no odor. Now and then the sound of a whistle, a barking dog, a rumbling train, or the whoop of a boy who has suddenly discovered our great ball floating through the upper atmosphere, rises to our ears. Just as we are over the centre of the city, we make a quick descent until we can distinguish the red tunics and blue umbrellas of a procession of Turners marching down a white paved boulevard. We see flags over the roofs, racing crews practising on the lake, automobiles speeding hither and thither, men standing and gazing up at us with their feet wide apart, their shadows falling behind them like the pattern of a pedestal. When we are just over the Salvation Army tent, we are less than five hundred feet above the ground, and as we course down Dufour Street toward Küssnacht observers might imagine we were about to land.

We look behind us toward the Hohentwiel, Regensberg, and the Lägern, and discover that the hunt is on. Five balloons are behind us, all higher than we are, but moving in our direction. We simultaneously discover that the pack of automobiles has started and is speeding toward the city to catch us. Noon bells ring; the shadow of our balloon draws closer; church vanes twinkle; men stand and wave to us.

For a moment it looks as if we were destined to cross the lake toward Sihlwald, but suddenly our good 'Uto' seems to reconsider, rotates solemnly twice upon his axis, and as we descend a little pauses just above the border of the lake. We can discern every shallow and the wake of each passing vessel. Rising a little, we are able to make out the Greifen See, and white-covered umbrellas in a distant lakeside resort. We can now distinguish the name of one of the pursuing balloons, and discover a blue automobile, number seven, driving like mad directly below, while its baffled occupants stare up at us. We named this car the 'Blue Devil,' because it kept persistently at our heels to the very end, now on this side of the lake, now on that, now on paved boulevards, now bumping over ordinary farm paths, and invariably waiting at every crossroads where there was a good view of our course and position.

One of the pursuing balloons has disappeared, but the 'Zurich' is hard on our heels and the brown 'Bern' is poised threateningly above us like an avenging angel. Now our thrills begin. Automobiles appear from every direction. But we are not ready to surrender yet. We descend still lower, and at Küssnacht let our dragrope out until it touches the ground, as if we were about to land. Alert countrymen run after us, attempting to seize it and eager to witness our descent. Automobiles race toward us, imagining that they already have us cornered, the Blue Devil in the van. I can see its occupants already radiant with the flush of victory. But patience, my good fellows, not too previous! We haul in the dragrope, ascend, catch a new air current, and sweep over Itschnach, where the guests at dinner hurry out to gaze up at us with wonder.

We have again reached an altitude of a thousand metres. Beyond us lie Zuger See and Vierwaldstätter See. The smallest chalet on the Pfannenstiel seems within reach of our hands. Again the balloon treats us to a merry-go-round ride. We are tempted for a moment to play a scurvy trick on our

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pursuers. Supposing we were to descend at Ufenau. The people in automobiles would have to leave their machines to catch us at that point, and there would be no room for another balloon to land. But we think better of it — in fact, the trip is too interesting to end the game prematurely. Four balloons are at our heels, and twenty-five automobiles are beneath us. But why should we worry in our aerial security?

Friend Emil uncorks a bottle, I open some tins, our leader, Walo, dives into mysterious pockets, and presto! we are sitting before a well-served table. The sun is blistering hot. Luncheon over, we again lean over the edge of our basket and discuss the beauties of the landscape. We feel like Sunday excursionists who have stolen the world for a plaything. We recklessly throw our sausage skins overboard, hoping a dog in the lower, mundane sphere may find them, and then an illustrated newspaper supplement, amusing ourselves with the fancy that some young lad may chase it as it floats down through the air like a message from heaven. Our ice is gradually melting, but we reck naught of an arid future, and rejoice in the favoring wind current that carries us over the lake past Uetikon.

Good luck, you automobiles that have charged, honking, after us! Now cross the Rapperswil dike and reach the left shore before us if you can!

Away they chase, as if they instinctively detected our plan, while we float merrily across the lake, leaving two of the pursuing balloons drifting toward Pfannenstiel, as if to outflank us. The 'Bern' is higher than we are; the 'Zurich' is skimming across the surface of the lake far below.

That is the situation at 1.45 P.M. Slowly — so deliberately that we seem to be scarcely moving — we reach Wädenswil on the other shore. At this point the balloon pauses in deep meditation. Where shall he go? Toward Rapperswil, Zuger See, Albis? Our yellow master spins around, pauses again, and then invites us to take a look at the world from six thousand feet higher up. The 'Zurich' and the 'Bern' drift up the lake and disappear in a cloud. The yellow 'Léman' is poised over the right shore. The other two pursuing balloons have vanished long since. But look out, the Blue Devil and a couple of agile automobile companies are already at hand. They must have good gasoline to be here so soon. They are waiting for us patiently below.

We bestow several bags of sand as a gift upon Wädenswil. It gives one a gloriously irresponsible feeling thus to throw sand in the eyes of his brother and sister humans incognito. We are seeking still higher altitudes in order to catch a favorable wind current to carry us to the right bank and give the automobiles a chase for their gasoline. Our commander, Walo, knows perfectly the air drift in these high regions. Before long we have caught the breeze we seek, sail serenely over Horgen, wave a greeting to the Bocken manor house, and clink glasses again to good comradeship and a successful landing. The air is below the freezing-point, as the steam from our breath shows, but the sun burns mercilessly and paints a new coat of red upon our noble brows.

We next swerve homeward, toward Schlieren, as if we were in a dirigible. We do not quite reach the right bank of the lake, however, but drift along well over the water until a little after 3 P.M., when for a second time we are directly over Zurich. What is there worth looking at in a sporting way down there? First a butchers' procession just crossing the Quay Bridge like a column of tin soldiers on a nursery floor. We can distinguish the flags, hear

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the bands, and make out the red tunics and glittering decorations of the marchers. Second there is a driving-contest at the barracks grounds, where two-horse teams are crossing the broad square between dense rows of spectators. Third we see a bicycle race on the Oerlikon Race Course. Two contestants are speeding around the track behind a motor-car as pace-maker, and the music reaches our ears six thousand feet above. Yes, we have a fine seat for all these events, and they cost us nothing. Moreover, we can survey them in majestic composure from our lofty outlook, drifting silently with the light wind in Olympian indifference to the turmoil and heat and dust that are so discomforting to the packed masses of spectators down below.

For a time the pursuing balloons have been completely out of sight. Soon, however, the sharp eyes of one of my companions make out two of them far away on our right in the direction of Winterthur. The 'Bern' and the 'Léman' are following far in our wake, and for just a moment we catch a dim glimpse also of the 'Zurich.'

It is 3.30 and we must think of landing, for the rules require us to do so by 4 P.M. The sun has disappeared behind a cloud. We dive into a bank of white mist, and for a few moments are wrapped in cosmic solitude. Gradually we sink until the thin ribbon of the Glatt becomes dimly visible far below us. Have we shaken off our pursuers? We need no longer fear the falcons of the air, but the eager huntsmen beneath are still on our trail. We can see them hastening toward Kloten from every direction. As our gas bag cools we sink more rapidly. The ellipse of the Oerlikon Race Course now lies far behind us. A little factory directly beneath tells us we are drifting toward the forest near Rümlang. We must pass that even at the risk of being captured.

Our chances of escape are not good. Too many pursuers are close on our heels. But that does not worry us, for we have the best prize victory could give: four glorious hours aloft such as life seldom grants. Down, down, down! We empty our sandbags to check the descent, as if we were broadcasting the seeds of some strange aerial crop across the meadows below. We drift rapidly toward the forest, which seems to spring forward to meet us. Almost in a moment we are above the treetops. Our dragline clutches at the branches and jumps from tree to tree as if seized with a petulant passion for boxing the ears of every forest monarch that we pass. With a scratching sound our basket grazes the topmost twigs, but the yellow sphere above pursues its course unchecked, and the flag of Switzerland still floats proudly in the breeze. Branches whip our faces and force us to crowd together for protection.

Men appear as if by magic from every side. Automobiles charge toward us recklessly over almost impassable field roads. We hear voices, whoops, shouts. Men are taking photographs; we can hear the click of a moving-picture apparatus even as we are dragged through a thick mass of branches. Just at the edge of the grove we discover our confident pursuers already grasping eagerly at the prize of victory. But even now we do not lose hope. There is just a possibility that the dragrope will free itself from its entanglements and let us escape. But that is not to be. Sturdy hands seize it, hold it fast, and guide us toward a little clearing, where we are pulled to earth with jubilant cheers. We land just at the edge of a field, as well satisfied with our exploit as the victors themselves, after four and a half hours' chase.

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THE LANDING

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, May 24*
(London Popular Weekly)

Two old women were sitting on the rocks that lay in a great uneven wall along the seashore beyond the village of Rundangan. They were knitting. Their red petticoats formed the only patch of color among the gray crags about them and behind them. In front of them stretched the sea, blue and calm. It sparkled far out, where the sun was shining on it. The sky was blue and empty, and the winds were silent. The only noise came from the sea, near the shore. It was just low tide. The water babbled and flopped along the seaweed on the low rocks that lay far out, black strips of serrated rocks with red seaweed growing on them. It was a spring evening and the air was warm and fresh, as if it had just been sprinkled with eau de Cologne. The old women were talking in low voices as they knitted woollen stockings.

'Ah yes,' said one of them, called Big Bridget Conlon, an old woman of seventy, of great size and strength, with big square jaws like a man, high cheekbones, red complexion, and wistful blue eyes that always seemed to be in mourning about something. She made a wedge of a corner of the little black-cotton shawl that was tied around her neck and cleaned out her right ear with it. 'I don't know,' she said, 'why it is, but I always get a pain in that ear when there's bad weather coming. There it is now, just as if there was a little stream running along inside in it. My grandmother — God have mercy on her soul — used to have the same thing happen to her.'

'Yes,' said the other old woman with a lazy and insincere sigh, 'there is no going against tokens when they are sent that way.' The other woman, Mary Mullen, was only sixty-five, and her reddish hair had not yet turned very gray. She had shifty gray eyes and she was very thin about the body. She was greatly feared in the village of Rundangan because of her slandering tongue and her habit of listening at people's doors at night to eavesdrop.

'Heh, heh,' said Big Bridget, looking out mournfully at the sea, 'sure we only live by the grace of God; sure enough, with the sea always ready to devour us. And yet only for it we would starve. Many a thing is a queer thing sure enough.' She stuck the end of a knitting-needle against her teeth and leaned her head against it. With brooding eyes she looked out at the sea that way, as if trying to explain something.

The two old women lapsed into silence again and knitted away. The tide turned and it began to flow. From where the women sat the land stretched away out on either side into the sea. To the east of them it stretched out in high cliffs, and to the west it ran almost level with the sea for about a mile, a bare stretch of naked, gray rock, strewn with boulders. Farther west it rose gradually into high cliffs. Now a light breeze crept along the crags in fitful gusts, here and there, irregularly. The women did not notice it.

Then suddenly a sharp gust of wind came up from the sea and blew the old women's petticoats in the air like bal-

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loons. It fluttered about viciously for a few moments and then disappeared again. The old women sniffed anxiously and rolled up their knitting by a common impulse before they spoke a word. They looked at one another.

'What did I say to you, Mary?' said Big Bridget in an awed whisper, in which, however, there was a weird melancholy note of intense pleasure. She covered her mouth with the palm of her right hand and made a motion as if she were throwing her teeth at the other woman. It was a customary gesture with her. 'That pain in my right ear is always right,' she continued; 'it's a storm, sure enough.'

'God between us and all harm,' said Mary Mullen, 'and that man of mine is out fishing with my son Patrick and Stephen Halloran. Good Mother of Mercy,' she whimpered uneasily as she got to her feet, 'they are the only people out fishing from the whole village and a storm is coming. Am n't I the unfortunate woman! Drowned, drowned they will be.' Suddenly she worked herself into a wild frenzy of fear and lamentation, and she spread her hands out toward the sea. Standing on the summit of the line of boulders with her hands stretched out and wisps of her gray hair flying about her face, while the rising and whistling wind blew her red petticoat backward so that her lean thighs were sharply outlined, she began to curse the sea and bemoan her fate.

'Oh, God forgive you, woman of no sense,' cried Big Bridget, struggling to her feet with difficulty on account of the rheumatic pains she had in her right hip, 'what is it you are saying? Don't tempt the sea with your words. Don't talk of drowning.' There was a sudden ferocity in her words that was strangely akin to the rapid charges of the wind that was coming up from the sea about them, cold, contemptuous, and biting, like bullets flying across a battlefield fired by unknown men against others whom they have never seen, the fierce and destructive movement of maddened nature, blind and rejoicing in madness.

Mary Mullen, with her hands outstretched, paid no heed to Big Bridget, but she shrieked at the top of her voice: 'Drowned, drowned they will be!' She also seemed to be possessed with a frenzy in which sorrow and joy lost their values and had intermingled in some emotion that transcended themselves. The sea began to swell and break its back with rivulets of foam.

People came running down to the beach from the village as the storm grew in intensity. They gathered together on the wall of boulders around the two old women. There was a cluster of red petticoats and heads hooded in little black shawls, while the men strutted about talking anxiously and looking out to sea toward the west. The sea was getting rougher with every wave that broke along the rocky beach. It began to growl and toss about and make noises as if monstrous teeth were being ground. It became alive and spoke with a multitude of different yells that inspired the listeners with horror and hypnotized them into feeling mad with the sea. Their faces set in a deep frown and their eyes had a distant fiery look in them. They shouted angrily when they spoke to one another. Each contradicted the other. They swore with wild gestures.

Stephen Halloran's wife squatted down on a boulder beside Mary Mullen, and these two women whose men were out fishing and in danger from the storm became the centre of interest. They arrogated to themselves a vast importance from the fact that their men were in danger of death from the sea. Their faces were lengthened with an expression of sorrow, but there was a

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fierce pride in their sharp eyes, like the wives of ancient warriors who watched on the ramparts of stone forts while their men fought in front.

Stephen Halloran's wife, a pale-faced, weak-featured woman with weak eyes that were devoid of lashes and were red around the rims, kept rolling her little head from side to side as she searched the sea to the west, looking out from under her eyebrows and from under the little black shawl that covered her head.

'Drowned, drowned they will be!' shrieked Mary Mullen. She had gone on her two knees on a boulder, and she had put on a man's frieze waistcoat. She looked like a diver in it. It was buttoned up around her neck and three sizes too big for her.

The crashing of the waves against the cliffs to the west was drowning the wind. The wind came steadily, like the rushing of an immense cataract heard from a long distance. But the noises of the sea were continually changing. They rose and fell with the stupendous modulations of an orchestra played by giants. Each sound boomed or hissed or crashed with a horrid distinctness. It stood apart from the other sounds that followed and preceded it, as menacing and overwhelming as the visions that crowd on a disordered mind, each standing apart from the others in crazy independence.

Then the curragh hove into sight from the west, with the three men bending on their oars. A cliff jutted out into the sea, forming a breakwater where its sharp wedge-shaped face ended. Around that cliff the curragh appeared, a tiny black dot on the blue and white sea. For a moment the people saw it, and they murmured in a loud, awed whisper: 'There they are.' Then the curragh disappeared. It seemed to those on the beach that a monstrous wave surmounted it callously and that it had been engulfed and lost forever, swallowed into the belly of the ocean. The women shrieked and threw their hands across their breasts, calling out to heaven: 'O Blessed Virgin, succor us!' But the men simply said to one another: 'That's the "Wave of the Reaping Hook" that came down on them.' Still the men had their mouths open and they held their breath, and their bodies leaned forward from the hips watching to see the boat appear again. It did appear. There was an excited murmur: 'Hah! God with them!'

From the promontory which the curragh had just passed there was a calm strip of water lying across the cove, and the people could see the boat coming along all the time without losing sight of it. They recognized the men rowing. They said: 'That's Stephen Halloran in the stern. He's too weak on a day like this for the stern. So he is.' They began to move cautiously down to the brink of the sea where the curragh would have to effect a landing. As the moment drew near when the curragh would have to brave the landing and the sharp rocks upon which the curragh and the three men might be dashed to pieces, the men on the beach grew more excited and some shivered.

The place where the boat would have to land was in the middle of the little cove. It was a jagged rock with a smooth place at the brink of its left-hand corner, where a slab had been torn out of it by thunder a few years before. In calm weather the sea came level with the rock at half tide, and it was easy to land there. But now the waves were coming over it like hills that had been overturned and had been rolled along a level plain speedily. The men on the beach stood at the edge of the rock and of the line of boulders, fifty yards away from the edge of the sea. Yet the waves came to their feet when the sea swelled up. They shook

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their heads and looked at one another.

Peter Mullen's brother, a lanky man with a lame leg, made a megaphone of his hands and shouted to the men in the boat: 'Keep away as long as you can! You can't get through this sea!' But he could not be heard ten yards.

The curragh approached until it was within two hundred yards of the landing-place. The faces of the rowers were distorted and wild. Their bodies were taut with fear, and they moved jerkily with their oars, their legs stiff against the sides of the boat, their teeth bared. Two hundred yards away they turned their boat suddenly sideways. They began to row away from the landing-place. Silence fell on those on the beach. The men looked intently at the boat. The women rose to their feet and clasped one another. For half a minute there was silence that way while the boat manœuvred for position.

Then simultaneously a cry arose from the men on the beach and from the men in the boat. With a singing sound of oars grating against the polished wet wood of the gunwale, the boat swung round to the landing. The singing sound of the oars, and the ferocious snapping of the men's breath as they pulled, could be heard over the roar of the sea, it came so suddenly. The boat faced the rocks. In three moments it would reach them.

Then the women standing on the boulders became mad with excitement. They did not shrink in fear from looking at the snaky black canvas-coated boat, with three men in her, that was cutting the blue and white water, dashing in on the rocks. They screamed, and there was a wild, mad joy in their screams. Big Bridget's eyes were no longer mournful — they were fiery like a man's. All the women, except Mary Mullen and Stephen Halloran's wife, looked greedily at the curragh; but they tore their hair and screamed with voices of terror. Mary Mullen fell on her face on a boulder, and resting her chin on her hands, she kept biting her little fingers and saying in a whisper: 'Oh, noble son of my womb.' Stephen Halloran's wife rolled herself in her shawl, low down between two boulders, and she went into hysterics.

The men in the rapidly advancing boat yelled, a mad joyous yell, as if the rapidity of their movement, the roaring of the sea, the hypnotic power of the green and white water about them and the wind overhead screaming, had driven out fear. In the moment of delirium when their boat bore down on death they no longer feared death.

The crew, the men on the beach, the women on the boulders, were all mingled together for a mad moment in a common contempt of death and of danger. For a moment their cries surmounted the sound of the wind and sea. It was the defiance of humanity hurled in the face of merciless nature. And then again there was a pause. The noise of voices died.

On the back of a wave the boat came riding in, the oars stretched out, their points tipping the water. Then the oars dipped. There was a creak, a splash, a rushing sound, a panting of frightened breaths. A hurried babble of excited voices rose from the men on the beach. They waited in two lines with clasped hands. The foremost of them were up to their waists in water. The boat rushed in between the two lines. They seized the boat. The wave passed over their heads, there was a wild shriek, and then confusion. The boat and the foremost men were covered by the wave. Then the wave receded. The boat and the crew and the men holding the boat were left on the rock, clinging to the rock and to one another like a dragged dog clings to the earth. Then they rushed up the rock with the boat.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

I MUSE by the midnight coals to the tick of a clock:
On pageants I ponder; I ask myself, 'What did it mean—
That ante-noontide ceremonial scene?'

I have sat in the Stadium, one face in a stabilized flock,
While the busbies and bayonets wheeled and took root on the green.
At the golden drum-majors I gazed; of the stands I took stock,
Till a roar rolled around the arena, from block after block,
Keeping pace with the carriage containing the King and the Queen.

Ebullitions of Empire exulted. I listened and stared.
Patriotic paradings with pygmy preciseness went by.
The bands bashed out bandmaster music; the trumpeters blared.
The Press was collecting its clichés. The cloud-covered sky
Struck a note of neutrality, extraterrestrial and shy.

The megaphone-microphone-magnified voice of the King
Spoke hollow and careful from vacant remoteness of air.
I heard. There was no doubt at all that the Sovereign was there;
He was there to be grave and august and to say the right thing;
To utter the aims of Dominions. He came to declare
An inaugurate Wembley. He did. Then a prelate, with prayer
To the God of Commercial Resources and Arts that are bland,
Was broadcasted likewise, his crosier of office in hand.
'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,' he said.

But when Elgar conducts the massed choirs something inward aspires;
For the words that they sing are by Blake; they are simple and grand,
And their rapture makes everything dim when the music has fled
And the guns boom salutes and the flags are unfurled overhead. . . .
And the princes in pomp, the dense crowds — do they all understand?
Do they ask that their minds may be fierce for the lordship of light,
Till in freedom and faith they have builded Jerusalem bright
For Empires and Ages remote from their war-memoried land?

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTIMATE VIEWS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

M. Brousson's memories of his work with Anatole France, whose secretary he has been for a long time, are about to appear in print, and fragments of the work have already been published by the new magazine, *Demain*, and are quoted in the Russian *Dni*, of Berlin.

'I work like Renan,' Anatole France once said to his secretary. 'Renan used to put down a thought on a scrap of paper just as it came to his mind and send it to the printer. The latter returned him the proof, which he changed entirely and sent back. This was repeated no less than four times, and after the fourth time "it looked like Renan." Now I do the same thing — only five, six, or even seven times. My most precious tools are paste and scissors — not the pen. Are you surprised? Did you perhaps think that I am dictated to by angels from above and that I can produce a page or a whole chapter at one stroke? No, "inspiration" is something I have felt very rarely, and "intoxication by work" never. It 's hard for me to write. When somebody asks me: "*Cher maître*, will you write a hundred or a hundred and fifty lines for us?" I immediately ask: "I beg your pardon — just how many lines do you want? One hundred or one hundred and fifty? Two very different things!" I always write like a boy that has been made to write for punishment.'

In some ancient chronicle Anatole France saw the sentence: 'Madame de Terould was wealthy and enjoyed a good name.' He immediately wrote it down and sent it to the printer. But no sooner did he get the proof sheet than he disliked the quotation. 'It 's flat and tasteless as a bad pancake. . . . Let me serve you Madame de Terould under a different sauce.'

And he changed the proof thus: 'Madame de Terould was wealthy and therefore enjoyed a good name.'

'*Cher maître*, it 's defamation,' the secretary told him. 'We have no proof that Madame de Terould enjoyed a good name because she was wealthy!'

'I would swear to it. In the Middle Ages money meant everything, just as it does now. And then, what do you care about defending Madame de Terould, whose bones have become dust long ago? Believe me, it makes no difference to her — and my sentence is much better for the trick.'

However, such liberties are only taken with personages who have become a myth. In all other cases no one could pursue historic truth more persistently than Anatole France. In his book on Jeanne d'Arc there was a beautiful phrase about the apples that grew in Jeanne's orchard. When he read this passage in the proof, Anatole France sighed regretfully, took his scissors, and cut out the phrase about the apples.

'I cannot leave it,' he explained to his secretary. 'At this very moment some old maniac in Rheims or in Nancy may be writing a monograph about the history of the Lorraine flora. As soon as my book appears, he will cry from the housetops that there could not have been a single apple-tree in the orchard of Jeanne d'Arc, but that there were only pears, cherries, and apricots; and he will support his claim by ten thousand documents! He will be able to cover my head with

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shame for time everlasting. Do you think I 'm joking? I have already had a similar experience.

'In my story of Pilate, describing the Gulf of Naples, I said: "Far off in the distance, Vesuvius was smoking . . ." As soon as the story appeared in print, all specialists in seismological history were thrown into a perfect rage. "Sir! Vesuvius never dreamed of smoking at the time of Pontius Pilate. It did not begin smoking until the year 55 A.D. You have never read Pliny the Elder, sir! You have never read Pliny the Younger, sir! You are an ignoramus, sir!" I felt utterly downcast. I was obliged to change the sentence without changing the make-up. I sat down and thought and thought, and finally changed it to "Vesuvius was laughing." Everyone was very well satisfied!'

Anatole France invariably checks up his own ideas of historic events and individuals by talking with different, mostly with plain, people. A girl selling papers, with whom he regularly chatted, for a long time felt quite certain that this talkative old man wanted either to ask her hand in marriage or else to make a less honorable offer. He is very fond of asking the opinion of his chambermaid, Josephine, on all kinds of subjects. Once he spent all night reading Tacitus, and when in the morning Josephine entered his room he told her: —

'Josephine, I could not close my eyes all night long. I was reading Tacitus. He tells such horrors about Tiberius that I felt disgusted at being myself a human. — Give me my chocolate, if you please. — Josephine, if they should tell you that the President of the French Republic commits atrocities every night in the Bois de Boulogne, what would you say?'

'I 'd say, sir, that it may be true. But also I 'd say that it may all be thought up by the reporters. You are a journalist yourself, sir, so you ought to know that one can expect anything from those people.'

This remark was a revelation to Anatole France. The atrocities of Tiberius on the Isle of Capri thought up by reporters! Tacitus as a Léon Daudet of that distant epoch! One of his most brilliant pages is devoted to this hypothesis.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE PROOFREADERS

THE auction sales of rare books and manuscripts, which go on at such London establishments as Sotheby's or Hodgson's almost daily, are a veritable fount of information as to the habits and sometimes the frailties of the great figures in English literature. Something is eternally turning up. One day it may be a Keats love letter, the next a Shelley autograph, or perhaps a fresh fact about Byron.

Messrs. Hodgson have recently been lucky enough to get hold of the proof sheets of two of the Waverley Novels, *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, bearing profuse corrections and alterations in Scott's own hand. Though Scott was not quite so bad as Tolstoi, who shamelessly admitted practically rewriting novels after the printers had them already in type, he must have been a terror to his publishers. He corrects and alters in these proofs wherever the fancy strikes him, and often writes in whole passages. The proofs themselves contain many suggestions from his printer, James Ballantyne, written on the margins.

They are supplemented by nine letters which are to be sold with them. Scott's habit of making free with his proofs does not always indicate a literary conscience unduly sensitive in stylistic matters, however, for against one of Ballantyne's suggestions he notes:

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'As it must be decided, I have e'en tossed up half a crown and the luck is yours.'

At the same sale a series of Wilde manuscripts is offered, including a rough pencil draft of a play, *The Woman Covered with Jewels*. This has never been printed and exists in no other version, for the completed copy was lost. There are also first drafts of *A Woman of No Importance* and *An Ideal Husband*, as well as the almost complete original of the *Duchess of Padua*.

A more romantic interest attaches to a thick manuscript volume in Russia gilt and a bulky parcel of marriage certificates which were sold at Sotheby's a little earlier. These constitute a complete record of the runaway marriages performed at Gretna Green by John Linton from 1825 to 1854. Almost all of the marriages are of English couples who took refuge from the complicated marriage requirements of English law under the far milder dispensation of Scotland. The relics, which were sold to a private collector for two hundred and eighty pounds, extend almost to the time when runaway weddings in Scotland were stopped by act of Parliament.

✻

IMMORTALS UP-TO-DATE

THE immortals of the French Academy, though conservative in their dictionary, can move with the times as well as anyone else. For the first time a microphone has been installed beneath the Cupola, and the speech of M. Louis Barthou at the reception of M. Henri Robert, the famous Parisian barrister, into the Academy, and the new member's own address, were broadcast throughout France and beyond the Baltic and Mediterranean.

Following the usual custom, M. Barthou lauded the accomplishments of the new immortal, and M. Robert delivered a eulogy of his predecessor, the late statesman, Alexandre Ribot. For the first time speeches delivered in the French Academy were audible in Scandinavia, Russia, Turkey, Morocco, and Great Britain simultaneously. The incident suggests the linguistic difficulties which radio is already beginning to involve.

✻

MAKING THE DIVINER'S ROD RESPECTABLE

EVERYONE knows the old belief that water or precious ore can be detected beneath the surface of the earth by the diviner's rod — a forked twig held in the hands of any person endowed with the gift of divination. Experts of the South Kensington Museum have been experimenting for some weeks with a new scientific instrument which is designed to accomplish precisely the same result. This is the Eötvös Torsion Balance, which is devised to indicate the direction in which a vein of ore extends. No complete report of the test has yet been made, but it has been shown that the instrument can be used in mountainous country as well as on flat areas, which were at first supposed to be its only possible field.

The torsion balance, originally devised on the Continent, but now being manufactured also in Great Britain, is operated wholly by gravitation. It consists of a beam suspended by a wire, a trifle over a thousandth of an inch in diameter. Two gold weights are attached at either end of the beam, one fast to the beam itself, the other swinging from a fine wire two feet long. The presence or absence underground of any material having more or less density than ordinary soil affects the balance of the beam. This effect is, as might be expected, very slight, but is rendered perceptible by a magnifying mirror.

The balance is said to be useful in

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detecting deposits of salt and oil, as well as ore, and it may become useful to archæologists, since it is also affected by hollow spaces beneath the surface. If Mr. Carter had had one in the Valley of the Kings, he need only have carried it above Tutankhamen's tomb to learn that a large hollow space lay beneath.

✻

25,000 PICTURES A SECOND

MOVING-PICTURES can be made at the rate of 25,000 a second by means of a new apparatus advertised by M. Lucien Bull, subdirector of the Institut Marey in Paris. The highest speed used in ordinary moving-pictures is 300 a second, which is perfectly satisfactory for most work and which employs an apparatus that stops the film moment by moment as it is exposed.

Three hundred exposures a second, however, is scarcely satisfactory for many forms of scientific work, especially for studies of insect flight, as many insects vibrate their wings so rapidly that they cannot be followed by the eye and the rate of vibration has to be calculated by the pitch of the note produced. To obtain his higher speeds M. Bull has abandoned the system of stopping his film and employs instead special illumination with an electric spark. This has twin advantages. It is fifteen to twenty times as brilliant as sunlight, hence making a far more rapid exposure possible. In the second place it lasts only about $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of a second and is so brief that the motion of the film is imperceptible. The relation of light to darkness which the new apparatus secures is about the same as we should have if the sun shone on the earth for one day which was followed by a night of two hundred and fifty years.

Among the interesting films which have been made at the Institut Marey is one showing the bombardment of a soap bubble with a paper pellet, in which the pellet is seen entering the bubble, which automatically closes the hole behind it, passing through the centre of the bubble, and smashing it on emergence. Another shows a bullet passing through a glass bulb and emerging apparently larger than when it entered because of the powdered glass with which it is coated. It is an extraordinary fact, for which no one is able to account, that when a bullet strikes a piece of wood the fragments achieve a velocity greater than that of the bullet itself. Even the artillery officers who saw the film were at a loss for an explanation.

✻

EXCOMMUNICATING THE CATERPILLARS

THE versatile British journalist who conducts the column known as 'Miscellany' in the *Manchester Guardian* has been delving in entomologico-ecclesiastical antiquity with the following results: —

No one nowadays seems to think of fighting the caterpillars which are ravaging the Kent and Surrey orchards by means of the law, secular or ecclesiastical, as was the recognized procedure centuries ago. In 1120 the Bishop of Laon pronounced a solemn sentence of excommunication against caterpillars and grasshoppers in his diocese, and as late as 1516 an admonition was issued by another bishop declaring, 'We grant the request of the inhabitants of Villenoce, and warn the caterpillars to retire within six days, in default of which we declare them accursed and excommunicated.' With a commendable sense of justice an advocate was sometimes appointed to plead the cause of the insects against that of the farmers before judgment was delivered.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Collapse of Central Europe, by Karl Friedrich Nowak. London: Kegan Paul, 1924. 15*s*.

[G. R. Stirling Taylor in the *Outlook*]

THIS book would be well worth reading if it were only as a piece of literature which is twenty times as exciting as the mechanical romances turned out by the 'best seller' class. But we have also the authority of Lord Haldane, who tells us in a preface that Mr. Nowak has 'great command of material' and much historical knowledge. The statement is necessary, for the author makes many sensational announcements without a hint as to the source of his information; with the exception of a few secret documents of State which he reprints at the end of the book, again with no indication of how they reached him. One is not throwing doubt on the accuracy of all this information; for it rings true. Nevertheless, what the Emperor of Austria said to his Premier over the telephone, with the German Foreign Secretary waiting in the next room, does require a word of explanation. Again, what Ludendorff said when he flew into a passion with his Emperor; or what Mr. Lloyd George said when Prince Sixtus brought him a letter from the Austrian Emperor, asking for peace; all such great moments of diplomacy cannot be safely dismissed in the way in which film heroes do amazing deeds.

But we can easily accept the authority of Lord Haldane that Mr. Nowak is a credible witness, for it is confirmed by the clarity of the writer's remarkable story. There is a tone of the higher journalism in its occasional sentimentality, but then writers who carry the name of Karl Friedrich are compelled by birth to carry also a slightly excessive weight of that form of original sin. A race that offered itself for four years to the bullet and sword just because a gang of generals and muddle-headed government officials said that this was true patriotism, is clearly sentimental to its last heartstring.

However, it may be unfair to accuse Mr. Nowak of such excesses, for there can be very little left of the reputations of General Ludendorff and his set after Mr. Nowak has described their careers. . . .

If many more books of this kind appear the ruling official classes will disappear in ribald laughter. Out of all this unutterable folly and confusion one can only recall two people in the whole narrative whom one would have cared to invite to dinner — General Hoffmann, of Brest-Litovsk fame, and the Emperor Charles of Austria. They strike the reader as having been gentlemen and sane human beings.

The Voice on the Mountain, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. London: Duckworth, 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THIS is a novel which seems to have been inspired more by books, and even Wagnerian opera, than by life. It is a kind of allegory, illustrating the power of love. Glava, the maid of the mountains, heals the sick through the strength of the passion she has aroused in Gorromo, the crippled knight, and when she meets another knight and loves him, and Gorromo dies, her miraculous gift is withdrawn. Such is the fable, but there are other characters in it — a wandering monk, an old woman named Volona, who is apparently of Irish extraction, since she talks an idiom that seems to be dimly related to Kiltartan. The book very likely will be described as mystical, and there is a constant striving after poetic effect; but it is all infinitely remote from reality — both the reality of dream life and the reality of waking life.

Luck of the Year, by E. V. Lucas. London: Methuen, 1924. 6*s*.

[T. Michael Pope in the *London Mercury*]

MR. E. V. LUCAS is one of our leading exponents of what Shaftesbury called 'the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing.' He combines to a quite extraordinary degree the ingenuity of the journalist with the dignity of the man of letters. His essays afford a perpetual refutation of the often-repeated statement that there are no new subjects. To what other writer would it have occurred to begin an essay with the sentence, 'Who was William Allen Richardson'? He is always on the alert for new themes — and he is always finding them immediately beneath his nose. A book retrieved from a twopenny box in the Charing Cross Road will furnish him with material for an essay of ten pages. It is easy, perhaps, to discover books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, but to find sermons in scents and essays in marmalade, in walking-sticks, or in the telephone directory — that I conceive to be a more difficult matter. And it is precisely here that Mr. Lucas's value comes in. For though moral improvement would be the last object at which he would aim by investing the common objects of life with a new and unexpected interest, he has to that extent succeeded in making us better men. In the last resort, the unpardonable sin is to allow one's self to be bored — as I think Mr. G. K. Chesterton has somewhere or other remarked — and boredom is im-

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possible in Mr. Lucas's genial and expansive company.

His latest volume, *Luck of the Year*, reveals him at his best; or, if that be too much to say, it is a worthy sequel to its many delightful predecessors. Certainly it betrays no evidence of the failing hand. Here you will encounter a satire that never degenerates into spite, and a humor that never broadens into buffoonery. The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, but, for all that, must perforce be resisted. I will content myself with merely quoting the titles of two essays, both of which are in the author's most characteristic manner — 'Our First Authors' and 'A Formidable Woman.' If you fail to appreciate the mingled humor and whimsicality of these, then you are no true Lucas-lover. And that, I think, is a confession that should not lightly be made by any man.

Ghosts in Daylight, by Oliver Onions. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

Slight, imaginative, often poetic, these sketches are a little thin, regarded as a book; but they are all well above popular magazine level, as indeed one expects from Mr. Oliver Onions. Pending another such novel as *Peace in Our Time*, they will keep his name before the public without adding enormously to its prestige. The last tale, which has a veritable ghost in it, — the others are mostly ghosts by a stretch of metaphor and courtesy, — has actually hit upon a new thrill, tremendously enhancing its horror. All the stories have the distinguished Onions touch; but the impression made by them is shadowy, as the title recognizes. Close the book, and you are conscious of little but a vague impression, except in the case of 'The Woman in the Way,' which has a new idea in it. Mr. Oliver Onions is of all novelists one who should take his time and not be persuaded to rush into print with anything short of his always remarkable best.

Sunlight and Health, by C. W. Saleeby, M.D. London: Nisbet and Co., 1924.

['Sinapis' in the *Empire Review*]

Some little time ago I called attention to a book by one of the pioneers of the cult of sunshine as a remedial agent, Dr. Rollier, of Leysin in Switzerland. The book was called *Heliotherapy*, a title which accurately enough suggested the rather technical contents of a work addressed primarily to the medical profession, and was therefore above the heads of the ordinary reading public. This gap has now been filled by the publication of a book on the same subject, addressed to the laity by Dr. Saleeby, who is not only a master of lucid exposition, but an enthusiast on the subject of which he treats.

Dr. Saleeby was responsible for the translation of Dr. Rollier's book, from which he has very properly extracted such of the matter as was suitable to his present purpose. But he has done a great deal more than that. He has approached the whole subject from a thoroughly scientific standpoint, and has applied it, not only to human, but also to animal needs in such a manner as will surely interest and convince those who are wise enough to read and study his work. Dr. Saleeby has for many years been prominent among those who are laboring to abate the 'nuisance dangerous to health' which is presented by the smoke-laden canopy which overhangs our great cities, and he does not fail to emphasize the obstructive effect of these canopies in depriving the denizens of the cities of the beneficent, disease-preventing, and health-assuring influence of the sun's rays. The book is a thoroughly good one; it should be studied by every thinking person in these islands.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Kaufmann, Carl Maria. *Amerika und Urchristentum*. Munich: Delphin-Verlag, 1924.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Barthélémy, Joseph. *The Government of France*. Translated from the French by J. Bayard Morris. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924.

Boule, Marcellin. *Fossil Men: Elements of Human Palæontology*. London: Oliver and Boyd, 1924. 36*s.*

Freundlich, Erwin. *The Foundations of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation*. Translated from the German by Henry L. Brose. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

Larreta, Enrique. *The Glory of Don Ramiro*. London: Dent, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Nietzsche, Friedrich. *The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*. Translated by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: Knopf. Date to be announced.

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This Week

'No' would be a brief and reasonable answer to the question discussed by M. Lauzanne. But read his article; it is interesting, entertaining, and instructive.

* * *

It will be a relief to some of our more sensitive readers to find in this week's issue a theory which is at the same time startling and harmless. Professor Kaufmann presents some evidence which, in the nature of the case, is somewhat shredded, to the effect that Christianity was introduced to the New World long before Columbus's day. He has even written a book about it.

* * *

Mr. Little has produced a sober and fruitful History of Alcohol through the Ages. Toward the end of it he is so good as to refer to the United States as a 'highly civilized country' simply because we have outlived those unspeakably barbaric days when inebriety was 'tolerated with a smile.'

* * *

Peruvians, especially in the more remote districts, devote most of their time to the ancient and noble art of conversation. They seem to have almost no respect for the Dignity of Labor or the Sacredness of Truth.

* * *

With every yearly subscription to the *Living Age* goes the entrée to all the royal households of the better sort. This week it is the Romanovs and we see the late Nicholas I playing horse with his children.

* * *

The bankrupt Swiss are still able to afford the luxury of a balloon chase — a sort of aerial game of Hare and Hounds. For the people in the balloon it sounds like a very pleasant sport — and for the people below a rather costly one.

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Roy Garis is at the bottom of this immigration business.

* * *

The Selective Immigration Act of 1924 is based upon his article in Scribner's Magazine in 1922.

* * *

And his article sprang from a college debate on the subject. Thus by a devious route did the law get on the statute books.

* * *

In the August number of Scribner's Magazine, Roy Garis tells "How the New Immigration Law Works."

* * *

The Republican party endorsed the law at its Cleveland convention. By reading Garis's article in the August number of Scribner's Magazine you will know just what position Mr. Coolidge and his party take with regard to the alien within and without our gates.

* * *

Whether it is a jingo, Anglo-Saxon, nordic-blond law, you may decide for yourself.

* * *

Whether we slapped Japan in the face and told the Japs they weren't fit to come into this country, you may also see by reading what Mr. Garis has to say in Scribner's Magazine for August.

* * *

It is the Fiction Number but it has salient facts, too.

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